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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. IX. No. 221 (New Series) SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review, *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WHEN is the election to be? What form will the Government reshuffle take? The India Bill will be out of the way early in June and the Government is anxious to capitalise Jubilee sentiment. So rumours of a July election are not to be too lightly dismissed. It is possible, though scarcely probable. We notice that Mr. Robinson, Chairman of the Labour Party Executive, hints at the chance of an early snap election. In the reconstructed Ministry Mr. Baldwin will be Prime Minister and general distrust of Sir John Simon is likely to give us a new Foreign Minister. Mr. MacDonald is physically more fit and very happy about the Jubilee. His health has always been a sensitive barometer of his worry or contentment. He now states that with the trifling exception of the depressed areas this country is about "back to normal." He will not go to the Lords. There will be promotions of some junior Ministers. Whether Mr. Lloyd George will join the Government is still undecided. He is chafing at the long Cabinet discussions of his New Deal and presumably a decision will follow soon after the resumption of these discussions on May 23rd. In any case politics in the near future will be dominated by fear of Germany and will reflect the public attitude towards the demand for a vast air fleet and Lord Hailsham's jovial announcement that we are all to have cheap gas masks.

Poland and Pilsudski

The death of Marshal Pilsudski, maker and dictator of Poland, coincided with the visit of M. Laval to Warsaw. How far Polish foreign policy will be affected by those events must at present be a matter of surmise. During his astonishing career Pilsudski had fought both the Russians and the Germans, and been imprisoned by both. But his life's work for Polish independence was based on a hatred of Russia, a hatred that he easily transferred from Tsardom to Bolshevism. He had this hatred and much else in common with Hitler, and the German-Polish ten-year pact was the natural outcome of the growing strength of a Germany with which Poland could no longer afford to be openly at enmity. But in making this diplomatic *rapprochement* with Germany Pilsudski did not carry the majority of Poles with him, nor probably even the majority of the younger army officers who served under him. To them the Germany which wants the Corridor is a greater menace to the new Poland than Russia, which has no expansionist aims. He was an intimate associate of the Marshal and is credited with liberal tendencies. Pilsudski's successor as head of the army, General Rydz-Smigly cannot fill Pilsudski's place. He has not his predecessor's prestige or popularity and, as a man, he is interested in war, art and good living rather than in politics. Therefore, politicians who have scarcely counted for anything during Pilsudski's dictatorship will become important, and it may be expected that the strong anti-German feeling in Poland will become more influential. Poland's position

between two great States forces her to play a Balance of Power game, and precludes her from any very definite commitments to either side. But the odds are that she will now veer rather away from than towards Germany—rather towards the Franco-Russian group.

The Franco-Russian Entente

M. Laval's visit to Russia has gone off happily, and all the more happily, no doubt, in view of the new possibilities in Poland. The Franco-Soviet pact is now a definite and a very important part of the machinery for the maintenance of peace. It is within the framework of the League, and it is not directed against Germany unless the Germans choose to make it so. The communiqué issued from Moscow expressly declares that this pact does not affect the project of a regional Eastern security treaty of the kind which Hitler professes not to disapprove. And both the Russians and the French will do their best to get Germany's adherence to such a treaty. Promising as all this may seem, it does not encourage any hopes of disarmament in the near future. French guests and Russian hosts expressed their mutual satisfaction with each other's military strength. And Stalin, we are told, " fully approves the national defence policy carried out by France to maintain her forces at the level necessary for her security." Cynics, who are familiar with the Bolshevik-Capitalist controversy of the past fifteen years, may smile at this paradoxical turn of events. The French Communists, who are attacking the armament policy of their Government, will pull a long face.

The Veterans' Bonus

As we write, President Roosevelt has not yet been put to the alternative of accepting or vetoing the Patman Soldiers' Bonus Bill. But he is bound to be faced with this difficult problem within a few days. It is still expected that he will veto the Bill, despite the fear that his action may cost a number of his leading Congress supporters their seats, and that the Bill may after all be passed by the required two-thirds majority over his veto. It is quite possible that the President could secure the substitution for the Patman Bill of the alternative Vinson Bill, which is less inflationary, but also more costly to the Treasury. But the enactment of either measure would mean a serious defeat, and Americans are watching eagerly to see whether the tone of the President's message indicates a determination to fight the Congress majority over the main issue, or to make the best of a bad job. Inflationary as the Patman Bill undoubtedly is in itself, it is feared less for its direct than for its possible indirect effects. If American public opinion once succeeds in getting the Government to create paper money out of nothing, in order to reinforce the supply of purchasing power, where, it is asked, will the inflationary process be allowed to stop? Every paper-money advocate in the United States will take heart of courage, and the pressure behind Senator Long, Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend, with their several prosperity plans, may soon become irresistible. Hence the agitation in high financial circles over the Patman Bill, and hence, no doubt, Mr. Morgenthau's somewhat over-emphatic declaration from the Treasury that the United States currency is the soundest in the world.

Currency Policy

Mr. Morgenthau's speech had other bearings, le concerned with internal American controversies tha with world affairs. It is well known that there hav been just recently renewed attempts by some of the leadi Central Banks to promote negotiations for internation currency stabilisation. The gold bloc countries, labourin under increasing difficulties, are more than ever anxious t bring this about; and the Bank of England would certainl welcome any opportunity of securing an internation guarantee against further manipulation of the dollar. S would orthodox bankers in the United States, who woul regard an international stabilisation agreement as a power ful protection against the inflationists in their own country There is, however, little chance at present of internation stabilisation being formally secured. Mr. Roosevelt doe not tie his own hands, in face of the strong currents o American opinion. Mr. Chamberlain will certainly no accept any stabilisation that has not full assurances o workableness and durability behind it. The most tha could possibly be achieved would be an informal agree ment to procure *de facto* stabilisation for an experimenta period. But even this is not easy in view of the uncertai outlook in the United States. It is all very well for M Morgenthau to represent America as the helpless victi of the vagaries of European monetary policy. The fac remains that American trade policy is at variance wit America's position as a creditor, and that all the mos disturbing recent currency movements have been initiate by the buying first of gold, and then of silver, by the Unite States, in pursuance of a curious, and generally unaccepted monetary theory sponsored by a handful of America economists.

Municipal Elections in France

The French municipal elections have not produced an such startling change as some people expected. Th first ballots gave the impression of a slight move to th Right, but the final results did not confirm this. The mos notable feature has been the success of the Communists who have gained a number of seats both in the capita and in the provinces. They now have eight, as against their former one, on the Paris Town Council, and the have got control of seventeen more councils in the suburb Their record in 855 communes with a population of ove 5,000 is—fifty-two gains, nine losses, thirty-eight " n change." The Socialists and Radicals had small net losse the Centre and Right rather heavier ones. It would be a mistake to see in this a great advance of Communism as such Communist candidates, standing on the " United Front, were supported by many Socialist and some Radica votes. The main plank in their platform was anti-Fascism to the great annoyance of opponents who regard, o pretend to regard, the menace of Fascism as imaginary We do not suppose that there is a serious danger of Franc going Fascist at the present time. But it is better to b over than under vigilant, and this demonstration in favou of the freedom of political institutions does not seem t us, as it does to the *Temps*, to be " deplorable."

The Australian Elections

Mr. Lang was expected to lose the New South Wale election; but he has lost it far more thoroughly than th

party prophets thought possible. In contrast with his methods at previous contests, Mr. Lang appears for this occasion to have offered a somewhat modest programme, and to have been a good deal less sweeping in his denunciations. But he has won back only a very few of the seats lost at the last election, and the Nationalist-Country Party coalition remains securely in power. Doubtless the continuance of the split inside the Labour Party told against Mr. Lang's chances, though the Federal Labour Party has little following in New South Wales, and made but a poor showing. As against Mr. Lang's defeat has to be put the renewed success of the Labour Party in Queensland, where the Forgan Smith Labour Government has again been easily returned to power. For a great number of years now the hold of Labour over the Queensland Government has been only once disturbed, and the Queensland Labour Party's policy of public enterprise seems to have commanded the steady approval of a majority of the electors. Over the rest of Australia the Labour Party is in a far less happy position. It has no clear policy, and no real unity of purpose or leadership. Attempts to bring the wavering factions to terms have again failed, though it is plain by now that until Labour in Australia can succeed in consolidating its own ranks it has little chance of effecting anything either in Federal politics or in most of the States of the Commonwealth.

Ribbon Development

At last, many years too late, a Bill is before Parliament to prevent further Ribbon development. That legislation is imminent at all is a gain, but the Bill is far from being all that the situation demands. Its main provision is to prohibit new building within 220 feet on either side of the centre of any classified road, or the construction of new side-roads giving on to such roads, without the consent of the local authority. There is no attempt to nationalise classified roads and no guarantee, therefore, that the intention of the Bill will be uniformly carried out. Local authorities that choose to give permission to build can make hay of the measure. Compensation is restricted; on the other hand, nothing is done to ensure any benefit to public revenue from the raised value of sites along the fringes of the 220-feet limits. Ribbon development, in fact, is likely in many instances to go on, but in future the ribbon will be wider. Thus more, not less, of the countryside would be spoiled. The Bill also allows local authorities to acquire land up to 220 yards on either side of a highway in order to preserve amenities, but since no central grants, whether from the Road Fund or elsewhere, are to be allowed to local authorities for the purpose, they can hardly be said to be encouraged to make use of this provision. Preservation of amenities will presumably continue to depend on the uncertain operation of the Town Planning Act, though the Bill does provide for consultation between highway and planning authorities. If nothing is done in the House of Commons to change the compensation provisions and to introduce a more effective element of compulsion into the Bill, we fear that vested interests will be in a position to prevent any good coming from this well-intentioned effort.

The Peace Ballot

The Peace Ballot is over, as far as actual voting is concerned, although counting is still going on in many parts of the country, and the total number of votes will continue to rise for several weeks yet. At present it is slightly over 8,000,000, of which 97 per cent. are votes in favour of Great Britain remaining in the League of Nations. Results have yet to come from Glasgow, Bradford, Southampton, Dundee, Cardiff, Brighton, Wolverhampton, most of Liverpool, half London, half Manchester and part of Belfast, as well as many smaller places; and the final figure will not be known until it is announced by Lord Cecil at a meeting in the Royal Albert Hall on June 27th and published simultaneously in the official record of the Ballot to be brought out by Messrs. Gollancz. The 8,000,000 people who have voted so far represent some 46 per cent. of the men and women over eighteen years old in the districts where the Ballot has been held. Generally the highest percentage polls have come from constituencies in Wales and the North, and the lowest from the London area. Of the six constituencies with polls of over 70 per cent., four are in Wales, one in Lancashire, and one in Warwickshire. Of the five with lowest polls of less than 20 per cent., four are in London and one in Norfolk. The problem of financing the Ballot, which became urgent because its extraordinary success necessitated more printing and a larger staff than had been expected, is not yet completely solved. As a result of the appeal for funds recently made by Lord Cecil in this and other papers, the sum of £1,300 was collected. A sum of just over £1,600 remains to be raised to meet the cost of taking the Ballot, and we hope that this sum will be found before the Albert Hall meeting.

Breach of Promise

The intoxication of love has the most devastating effects upon literary style, and most of us would want the earth to open and swallow us up if some of the letters we wrote in our youth were printed in the newspapers. It was, therefore, remarkably plucky of Lord Revelstoke not to settle out of Court the action brought against him by Miss Joyce. The failure of the action may do something to discourage this type of litigation, but a modification of the law in this respect is, in any case, overdue. As the law stands, a woman can claim damages for potential loss, that is, for not obtaining the position she hoped for as wife of a rich man, and also for wounded pride and disappointed affection. Surely she ought only to be able to claim compensation for actual financial loss. She may, for instance, have resigned her job or spent money in preparation for her marriage. In such circumstances, she should be compensated just as she would be in the case of loss incurred by breach of any other type of contract. As the law stands to-day, it is a temptation to the publicity monger and the unscrupulous seeker after hush money.

The London Diary.—During the next four weeks, when "Critic" will be absent on holiday, Bertrand Russell will contribute a weekly Diary to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION instead of the usual London Diary. Mr. Russell will, of course, be at full liberty to express his own views, which may or may not coincide with those of this journal.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

MUSSOLINI'S CHALLENGE

NEARLY five years ago the Japanese plunged into their imperialistic adventure in Manchuria. That violation of treaties and of the Covenant exposed the timidity and hypocrisy of the Great Powers. It spread terror and destruction in the Far East, and strengthened the forces of mischief in the West; it struck a blow at the League of Nations from which it has not yet recovered. Is this Asiatic history going to repeat itself now in Africa? The circumstances of course are not quite the same; Mussolini's methods differ somewhat from those of the Japanese General Staff. But at bottom there is a plain resemblance. A strong Power is bullying a backward one—and not merely putting on diplomatic pressure, but openly massing armaments against it. Both parties to the dispute are members of the League; Abyssinia is invoking the Covenant, as China did; Italy is in effect repudiating it, as Japan did, and even threatening, if she is interfered with, to follow the Japanese example in leaving the League. And while the tom-toms are beating in Rome, the politicians and journalists vie with one another in inventing moral justifications for the use of the big stick. Italy is the champion of Europe's interests, the defender of white civilisation; she even poses—as the Japanese could hardly do—as a religious crusader. The Abyssinians, it is true, are also Christians, but their doctrine is a monophysite heresy, which makes them no better than infidels.

All this is not to say that the Italians have no case in their dispute, or that the Abyssinians are a nation of angels. The Ethiopian Empire is a barbarous affair. It is doubtless not governed in accordance with the best European ideas. It contains a number of unruly tribal chieftains. It has not purged itself of the abomination of slavery. But it has been recognised as an independent State—and its integrity has actually been guaranteed by the great European Powers, including Italy. It has been admitted to membership of the League, and it is a party to a treaty of arbitration signed with Italy in 1928. Whatever wrongs, therefore, the Abyssinians may have done at Wal Wal or anywhere else, they have been in the right in standing firm on the Covenant and on the treaty of 1928. Italy, to be sure, does not regard this treaty as a scrap of paper to be torn up; she merely claims to interpret its provisions in her own way. Those provisions, it is argued, become operative only when direct negotiations have broken down, and Italy will be the judge of when that moment arrives. When it has arrived, the next step is "conciliation," each of the parties appointing two delegates for this purpose. Finally, a fifth person, a neutral, may be appointed and the commission may proceed to arbitration. That means that the conciliation procedure (which really amounts only to "direct negotiations" under another name) might be prolonged by Italy indefinitely, since she could block the appointment of the fifth member who is essential to the arbitration machinery. Moreover—and this is obviously a serious practical matter—the Italians refuse to discuss the general frontier question; the only question at issue, they assert, is the responsibility for the Wal Wal incident.

The Abyssinians, in common, we think, with everybody else outside Italy, took a more straightforward view of the treaty. They were anxious from the outset to go to arbitration. When this was refused, and when they saw the military and political preparations that began in Italy last September, they naturally took alarm, and in January they appealed to the League under Art. XI. But the British Government joined with the French in pressing Abyssinia to adjourn her appeal to the May meeting of the League Council, in the hope that the dispute might be settled in the meantime by direct negotiation. Whatever the arguments might be in favour of this course, it came to nothing—or rather to much worse than nothing. Italian military preparations were actually so intensified that Abyssinia presently appealed again to the League—under Art. X, on the ground that they constituted a threat to her "territorial integrity and political independence," and under Art. XV, on the ground that the dispute had now reached a stage when the Council could no longer postpone its duty of taking it in hand. The Council, nevertheless, refused to take it in hand at the extraordinary session held in April, although the Abyssinian delegate protested that things were going from bad to worse. Sir John Simon expressed the hope that by the May session the situation would be happier, that in fact Mussolini would have undergone a change of heart and arbitration would be in progress. That hope has proved an utter illusion. The Council will be faced with this appeal on its agenda next week, and the sound that assails our ears is not the cooing of doves but the roaring of lions.

What action is the Council now going to take? If it were set on upholding the Covenant, its course would be pretty plain. Its first duty would be to bind both parties over to keep the peace—that is, to cease military preparations—and to satisfy itself that that undertaking was being honoured, by sending observers of its own to the spot. Secondly, under Art. XV, the Council should secure the assent of both parties to a time limit within which the arbitral, not merely the conciliation, procedure of the 1928 treaty should be put into operation. Failing that assent, the Council must itself collect the information necessary for the drawing up of a report and recommendations for a settlement. Few of us, with the memories of the Manchurian affair in mind, feel confident about any such resolute action. Many, thinking not merely of that episode, but of the circumstances of to-day and yesterday in Europe, will scout the idea as Utopian. Both Great Britain and France began by showing an unmistakable complaisance to Italy in this dispute. France, indeed, did more; the Franco-Italian agreement made a few months ago, if it did not quite give Mussolini a free hand in Abyssinia, enormously strengthened his position there and definitely encouraged his pretensions. Only this week, in a speech to the Senate in Rome, he declared that "neither Britain nor France has taken any diplomatic step with regard to Abyssinia"—and added ominously, "nor are they likely to take any steps in the future." It is to be hoped that he is mistaken. Clearly everything depends on intervention by ourselves and France. Mussolini boasts that he has enough men and arms at his command to dispose of Abyssinia without weakening his front in Central Europe. But has he? A war in Africa would not be a parlour game for Italy. It might well present the Nazis with the opportunity they are watching for in Austria. And who will deny that serious trouble in Austria might be—almost certainly would be—the prelude to a general conflagration? Mussolini relies

on the "Stresa front." But whilst there may be good arguments for the "Stresa front" as an understanding of Britain, France and Italy for the maintenance of European peace, there is none whatsoever if it is to be interpreted as a licence to Italy to endanger European peace by an African war.

The position then, as we see it, is this. Great Britain and France are not only morally bound as members of the League to uphold the Covenant; it is to their material interest to uphold it. The choice lies between offending Italy and throwing the corpse of collective security to the dogs. Which is the greater risk for all of us, including the Italians themselves? The offence to Italy, despite the loud and defiant noises that issue from Rome, might turn out to be a trifling matter. After all, to ask her to honour the Covenant is not to make her eat humble pie, nor to deprive her of any legitimate claims she may have on Abyssinia. Nor is it to Italy's advantage to quarrel with her friends and defy the League. We were told three years ago that, if we attempted to apply sanctions against Japan, Japan would make it a *casus belli*, and promptly descend on Singapore and Hong Kong. Nobody suggests that if we put pressure on Italy to-day, Italy would seize Malta or the Sudan or Corsica. And if it is asked what pressure could be put on Italy, we need go no further in the answer than the closing of the Suez Canal to Italian ships. Mussolini, of course, has thought of that possibility and knows how effective a bar it would be to aggression in Abyssinia. But he does not take it seriously. Why should it not be intimated to him, with all the politeness and persuasiveness at Sir John Simon's command, that he must take it seriously? Our Government have remonstrated privately with Italy. But more is evidently wanted. If they have not the courage to support the League at this critical moment, no amount of lip-service will acquit them of the responsibility for what will follow.

"YOUTH SHOWS BUT HALF"

IT has become in these days a commonplace that industry does not want the old. Old, or even ageing, workers are less adaptable than their younger competitors for jobs. They find it harder to learn new techniques, to stand the strains imposed by the pace of modern machinery, to move about from places where no jobs are to other places where there is, at any rate, less unemployment. Consequently, the unemployment ratio is far higher among the older workers than among those who are still in the prime of life; and pools of workless seniors exist in every depressed area, with the prospect before them of living out the remainder of their days only on such pittances as the State is minded to provide. These "unemployables" pass from unemployment insurance to the Unemployment Assistance Board, from the U.A.B. to the Public Assistance Committee, and from the P.A.C. to the receipt of an old age pension at 65 or at 70, according to their previous status as employed workers.

Side by side with these unemployed seniors there are large numbers who are still in employment. Some of these, especially in the less depressed occupations, are still doing normal work at a standard rate of wages. Others have been provided with light jobs, either as a half-charity or because their services can be purchased at a reduced rate. Yet others, who have retired from the occupations in which they have spent the greater part of their working lives, continue to work at "odd jobs" or in some occupation which makes less exacting demands on health, strength and mental adaptability. Of this last group, quite a number are in receipt of pensions under some special scheme, as retired policemen, civil servants, or teachers, or as beneficiaries under some private pension scheme organised by their previous employers.

Odd jobs, light jobs, and sometimes regular jobs at their accustomed trades, can be found by a large number of these older workers; but, while they work, there are far more younger men and women looking vainly for jobs. The suggestion naturally arises that the right thing to do is to remove these older competitors from the economic field, in order that their jobs may be filled by younger people who are at present unemployed. Unemployment insurance and assistance from the U.A.B. already stop at 65, when for insured workers and some others pensions under the contributory Old Age Pensions scheme become available; and this scheme was undoubtedly intended to have some effect in driving the older people voluntarily into retirement. But the amount of the contributory pensions is not enough to achieve this end, especially as it is not payable to the wife of a man of 65 or over, unless she, too, has reached that age. Compulsory retirement at 65 certainly could not be enforced without the provision of far more adequate pensions; and it is doubtful if it could, or should, be enforced even if more adequate provision were made. But if we want voluntary retirement to become more widespread, again we must make it better worth the ageing worker's while. We must also, unless we are to condemn most of the retired to an old age of hopeless boredom, do far more than we do now to make conditions pleasanter, and non-gainful occupation easier of access, for those who cease to compete in the labour market.

This issue is of vital importance not only because of the widespread unemployment of to-day, or of the growing tendency to make employment more difficult and irksome for the old, but also because our falling birth-rate makes it certain that for a long time to come our population is going to include a growing proportion of older people. This, of course, increases the prospective cost of any provision for retirement that we may decide to make. But it also makes the importance of the problem all the greater. According to Dr. Leyburne's estimates in the *Sociological Review* of April, 1934, the total population of Great Britain is likely to fall from a maximum of rather over 45 millions in the next few years to 42½ millions in 1951, 37½ millions in 1966, and under 33 millions in 1976. But over this same period the number of persons of more than 65 is likely to rise from 3½ millions to not far short of 5¾ millions, or, in percentages, from 8 per cent. to 17½ per cent. of total population. Unless we were able to look forward to a great rise in productivity through more efficient industrial technique and organisation, these figures would present ominous forecasts of a falling standard of life. Actually, there is little cause for alarm on this score, provided only that we manage to set our economic house in order. But if, as seems probable, the very changes in technique and organisation continue to make the older workers less and less "employable," despite their growing absolute and relative numbers, the social problem before us is evidently serious indeed. For it is a quite intolerable prospect to look forward to that, side by side with a diminishing body of growingly productive workers in the prime of life, we should have an increasing army of elderly unemployables, subsisting on a bare pittance and compelled either to undercut the wages of the young by ever-widening margins, or to be bored to everything short of death by having nothing to do.

Conscious of this problem, many persons have put forward suggestions for general schemes of retiring pensions, either industry by industry or on a wider basis, at varying ages from 55 upwards. But save in the public services and by a relatively small number of private employers nothing at all has been done; and in many of the private schemes now in existence the pensions are on far too low a scale to solve the problem, even for the small minority of workers to whom they apply. It is, indeed, abundantly clear that private enterprise will never solve the problem; for, while a few prosperous industries and businesses may provide adequate pensions, especially

where labour is a relatively small part of the total cost of production, there is not the least chance of most of the big industries being able or willing to follow their example. Publicly financed schemes have, however, generally been dismissed with very scant consideration as far too costly for any Chancellor of the Exchequer to be willing to undertake. While the late Labour Government was in office, supporters of a general scheme of pensions at 60 were put off with the official statement that it would cost the Treasury well over £200 millions a year, even after allowing for savings in other forms of public expenditure. How, Lord Snowden (not then ennobled) asked, was he expected to raise this sum, and also to finance Labour's other commitments? In this, as in many other matters, the Labour Cabinet, having glanced at the problem and not liked the look of it, did nothing at all; and in this, as in many other matters, continuity has been preserved by their "National" successors.

It is therefore of great value to have the question studied by a body which is not, at all events, determined to prejudge the issue, or concerned to find a plausible excuse for inaction. Not the least of the services rendered by the investigators of P.E.P. is the report which they have just issued on this subject of retiring pensions for older persons at present either in gainful occupations or vainly seeking work.* The scheme worked out by these investigators may seem to many people, as it does to us, unduly modest; but it is, at any rate, a beginning, and its adoption in default of a more far-reaching plan would at the least be of substantial immediate benefit and set the nation's feet on the right road.

Broadly, the P.E.P. report favours the provision, on a basis of additional contributions levied equally on employers, workmen and the State, of additional benefits to those workers who voluntarily retire from seeking employment at the age of 65. It proposes that the additions should be at the rate of 10*s.* for a man and 5*s.* for a woman, and that the scheme should be open to wives under 65 but not under 50 whose husbands have reached the pensionable age. In order to estimate the cost of such a scheme it is necessary to guess what proportion of those eligible for it would avail themselves of the offer, and what offsetting economies would be effected through reductions in payments to the unemployed, in poor relief, and in other ways. It is also necessary, in estimating future liabilities, to take account of the increasing numbers who will be passing into the higher age groups in the coming decades. It is impossible to reproduce here the calculations made in the report; their conclusion is that the gross cost of a scheme of this sort would be between £27 millions and £32 millions in the earlier years, rising to a possible figure of £47 millions or £56 millions by 1976, according to the assumptions adopted. As against this there would be substantial savings, especially in payments to the unemployed. Allowing for these, the report arrives at a net cost of from £20½ to £23 millions in the earlier years, but does not attempt the hazardous task of guessing at a net total for the later periods.

These totals are considerable; but they look very different from Lord Snowden's £200 millions or over for a more ambitious scheme. They are obviously well within the country's power to provide, even on the assumption that the entire cost is to fall upon the Treasury. P.E.P., as we have seen, proposes to scale down the cost to the taxpayers by two-thirds, by making employers and workers bear jointly the greater part of the burden in the form of an additional contribution of 3*d.* a week, making, with the State's contribution, a sum of 9*d.* a week in all. But there is much to be said for the view that, with the contributions for unemployment at their present high level, no further taxation of wage-incomes ought to be entertained. If we are to start with so modest a scheme as P.E.P. suggests, surely the whole cost ought to be met either out of general taxation, or by means of a levy on all incomes, such as the Trades Union Congress has proposed as the most equitable means of raising the cost of public maintenance of the unemployed.

In one form or another, a general scheme of pensions, on a scale adequate to afford a reasonable standard of life, has got to come in the near future. The industrial situation calls for it imperatively, and the changing age-composition of the population powerfully reinforces the demand. If we fail to do this thing promptly, in at least the orthodox, modest, inadequate way suggested in the P.E.P. report, we are likely to be compelled before long to do it in some far less orthodox financial fashion, and on a far more ambitious scale. If Mr. Chamberlain or Dr. Dalton does not have the doing of it, perhaps ere long the British equivalents of Senator Huey Long, Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend will get their turn. And assuredly disciples of Major Douglas or Professor Soddy will not stop at pensions at 65, or 60, or even 50, or debate whether the money shall be raised by taxes or contributions levied on existing incomes. The orthodox may reassure themselves that there is no real danger of the "social creditors" ever getting their way, but if they are not to be given the chance of misleading people on a disastrous scale it would be wise to act promptly on more orthodox lines.

Finally, let us not forget that the whole problem has another aspect. People become unemployable nowadays younger than they did. But a man or woman of 50 or 60 is younger now than their counterparts were a generation ago. If society ceases to afford the older members a livelihood through "gainful employment," and pensions them instead, that by no means implies that the elderly members of the community should pass their days in twiddling their thumbs, or ruminating over their firesides on the past glories of minding an automatic machine. The old, as well as the young, have a right to a good time; and for the middle-aged unemployables of to-day the condition of a good time is not having nothing to do. We must organise this Jubilee of the common man, giving ample opportunity for occupations of leisure as well as for recreations and decent comforts. For the almshouse and the workhouse we must substitute far less depressing ways of living together; and we must give the old who retire from gainful industry a chance of working usefully, not for gain, wherever they so desire. The necessary complement to a general scheme of retirement is a scheme for happy and useful living for as long as the vital forces of happiness and usefulness remain in vigour. That, however, is a theme which needs not a paragraph but a whole article—or a whole report—to itself. No one seems to have given adequate thought to it so far. But unless we do think about it, and give our thoughts a practical outcome, countless ageing people will be condemned by retirement to an old age of boredom and conscious inutility, and as many as can will continue to struggle in the labour market for jobs, in order to keep alive in their own minds at least some faint faith that their existence is worth while.

* *The Exit from Industry* (P.E.P.—Political and Economic Planning)' 16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.6, post free 1*s.* 3*d.*

A LONDON DIARY

I AM looking forward with a good deal of interest to the time when the "well-intentioned people" (to adopt their very apt nickname) will let us know their programme and policy. They met, I understand, in private in Oxford last week-end. Their idea seems to be to work out a policy which is neither individualism nor Socialism, which contains a bit of planning and a lot of private enterprise, which cuts across party alignments, improves parliamentary procedure and saves democracy from being crushed between the mill-stones of the class struggle. Though I am in sympathy with parts of this programme, I fear that these may be the kind of good intentions with which the road to hell is paved. Unless you face up to the necessity of doing certain fundamental Socialist things you cannot really accomplish anything. You merely mislead. However, we must await actual proposals. Some extremely intelligent and fine people are giving this group their advice. Sir Arthur Salter

WHAT *NOW?*

Drawn by Arthur Wragg.

and Sir Walter Layton were there, I'm told, as well as Mr. Harold Macmillan and Lord Allen who is, I take it, the leading spirit. The programme may easily follow the outlines of his last book. I asked one friend of theirs whether they intended to form a new parliamentary Cave of Adullam. He thought that possible but, apart from Lord Allen, could not see who would be the principal cave-man.

* * *

Several readers have sent in for "This England" the following sentence from my last week's "Diary":

> Beside the Queen, the figure which protrudes in my memory is that of a road-cleaner who was kept busy gathering the dung left by the horses.

And one of them adds: "If there be any sense of humour, if there be any sense of humility, you will hoist yourself upon your own petard." I am quite ready to be hoist with my own petard, but on this occasion I claim to be still safely on earth. It is difficult to argue about what is funny. But one does not need to be a Socialist—one needs only to be a Christian or an artist—to see that a road-cleaner can be an impressive and symbolic figure, and I do not see why anyone but a snob should find this surprising. I suggest that in this instance the laugh perhaps may be not on me, but on my correspondents.

* * *

Correspondents have attacked me—and this paper as a whole—both for being unpatriotic about the Jubilee and for being swept away on the wave of loyal emotionalism. That is the natural result of trying to be sane and realistic. First I hold that these are very strange twenty-five years to celebrate, they contain the war, and the preparation for the next war which is the only remedy which capitalist sovereign States have for curing the poverty and unemployment which have followed the last war. Secondly, I agree that such celebrations have a terribly dangerous tendency to encourage nationalism and put people into the frame of mind for rearming and supporting the next war. "Long live the King" to-day is all too easily "For King and Country" to-morrow. But that does not seem to me a reason for false reporting. And the true report is that the Jubilee has shown that people, including, at least in London, a large proportion of poor people, did want an opportunity for community celebrations, that the enthusiasm was commonly entirely spontaneous and that it was delightful to see London *en fête*. The right comment after the Jubilee is made in the cartoon which appears on another page in this issue by Mr. Arthur Wragg: "What Now?"

* * *

It was on the Saturday night that the Jubilatory excitement reached its most delirious point. Though it is now difficult to distinguish by their clothes the proletariat from the bourgeoisie, the crowd which seethed through the West End certainly contained a far larger proportion of small wage-earners than it had on the previous evenings. The invaders turned Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus and Regent Street into ballrooms; they perched themselves on the running-boards and luggage carriers of every private car which tried to nose its way through them, and outside the Piccadilly Hotel they were calling obstinately for the dance band which plays there to come out and play for them: "We want Sidney Kite, we want Sidney Kite!" Mounted police, who were controlling the situation with remarkable tact, found themselves slightly embarrassed when the crowd, instead of dispersing in front of them, insisted upon patting their horses. It was like a dream revolution, a revolution in a film by René Clair. Of course Providence, if one believes a number of witnesses, had also been behaving in a most patriotic way. One clergyman has declared that the explanation of the fine weather—why it should need special explanation I don't know—is that so many thousands of people had prayed for it. The final word on the whole business lies perhaps with a banner on an East End slum dwelling—"Lousy, but Loyal."

I have been greatly amused by the publication of a new magazine called *From Amoeba to Whale* (edited and printed by children, "The Pebble Society," Thursley, Surrey). It costs threepence and is largely the production of David Pyke, aged thirteen. I remember David Pyke when he was an extremely serious small boy in Cambridge where he was brought up on what most people thought an ultra-modern system of education. The new issue of his paper, No. 2, is mainly devoted to an extremely penetrating discussion of the ethics of vegetarianism. Best of all, however, is an article on Unemployment which suggests that the right way of dealing with the unemployed is to put them into a concentration camp, feed them up for a few weeks, "then painlessly and quickly kill them. It is simple and cheap, and also convenient. The dish could be served with salad and potatoes and would taste extremely nice." And much more in the same vein, of course closely following the model of Swift's *Modest Proposal*. The solemn discussion of the economics and ethics of cannibalism as a method by which the upper class could rid itself of the burden of the poor indeed follows Swift in ingenuity and bitterness. David Pyke writes:

> Besides, if there is a heaven to go to, they would go there all the quicker. They would be martyrs of a sort. There would be suitable memorials with a bust of the King on top, and the words "For King and Country" underneath. You might have another hoax on them and tell them there was going to be another war, and use all the old arguments to get them to enlist. Collect them all into one camp. Have a big explosion to blow it up and collect the bits for Irish stew. . . It should lead to a large export increase, particularly to the Colonies inhabited by blacks. The good old slogan "British goods are best" would again be proved.

This from a thirteen year old! But the best of the joke is a paragraph on this proposal by the horrified Mr. Beverley Baxter in the *Sunday Referee*. Mr. Baxter, who is presumably not a reader of Swift, takes Mr. Pyke entirely seriously, and says that his mind revolts "at the distorted ideas of so young a child."

* * *

I have just read a "thriller" called *The Gaol Gates are Open* by David Hume (Collins, 7*s*. 6*d*.). Nothing could be more absurd than the heroic behaviour of the super-human young detective who captures a gang of ferocious forgers single-handed and ends by jumping from a parachute into the sea to save from Dartmoor or the gallows the desperate villain for whom drowning was certainly too good. I mention this ludicrous book because of a few very useful pages of introduction in which the author, who claims to have an extensive knowledge of the "underworld," explains at some length the special language in which the criminal classes communicate with each other. "I was with the push, and we worked bad smash. We met the squad on the drag, got wiped up and finished in flowery." This is fairly easy: it means that the speaker was working with a gang handling counterfeit notes; they met the Flying Squad on patrol, were arrested and finished in the cells. The next is harder. "I lifted his kettle and slang but I couldn't raise his prop." Which means that the pick-pocket (or whizzer, dip or hook) stole the man's watch and chain but failed to get his tie-pin. A "stretch" means a twelve months sentence, to "come grass" means to inform the police, "up the steps" is to stand for trial, dabs are finger-prints, scratch are genuine notes and slush counterfeit notes which are passed by a "snide pusher." There is a great deal more of this interesting and specialised language.

* * *

Does the following true incident throw any light on the public which now buys or borrows both thrillers and biographies in such quantities alike in this country and in the United States? A friend of mine recently lent a lady a copy of Zweig's *Life of Marie Antoinette*. When he met her a couple of days later she rushed up to him with the words: "I'm in the middle of *Marie Antoinette* and I'm just crazy about it. But don't tell me how it ends!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Christian Darnton.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Jubilee Jollity
All the Local Festivities

Ran about in Flames
Two Motor Cyclists Killed

Electricity Latest
Council's Ultimatum

Taxi Overturned: Driver Killed

Starving Mother
Nothing to Eat for Three Days

New Building Mishap
Workman Pinned under Fallen Skip

Swallowed A Safety Pin

No Work for 4½ Years
Young Man's Gas Suicide
—Contents Bill *West London Observer.*

An egg laid by an ordinary hen in the chicken house of a Chatham innkeeper on Jubilee Day, has a perfect "J" embossed on the narrow end of it, according to the Mayor of Chatham, Councillor Percy Ansell. "When I heard of this egg," he said last night, "I was sceptical. I went with a colleague to see it, and there, to my amazement, was a perfect capital 'J,' three quarters of an inch in size embossed on it. We were convinced that it was not a fake, and I offered its owner £5, but he refused to sell at any price. He contemplates sending it to the King."—Report in *Daily Herald.*

Semetic intellectual life has an amazingly disintegrating effect on the higher forms of western intellect; replacing our pragmatic Aristotelian mental methods by that word and idea spinning in the void which is so essentially eastern. In our time the works of Marx, Freud and Einstein have terribly sapped the bases of our European culture and can offer nothing to replace it.—Letter in *Everyman.*

Now that the fine weather is here again, I hope that young men will not revert to the discourteous custom of not wearing a hat. How can a hatless man greet a lady?—Letter in *Sunday Dispatch.*

To come to church without stockings is . . . a gross indecency . . . the girl who thrusts her unclothed flesh, whether of leg or of any other part that is normally covered, before the attention, frequently close attention because of the nearness in the pew, of the male sex is doing a cattish trick. The male mind, being what it is, is bound to be diverted from God, and if it be said, "Well then, I don't think much of the male mind," then my answer would be, "It is as God made it."—Rev. Harold Marley in Parish Magazine, reported in the *Daily Sketch.*

There is no more stirring sound than the bells of St. Paul's when they ring out a welcome on a day of festival or thanksgiving for, in the words of Sir Edmund Beckett, "they are unquestionably the grandest peal in England, and therefore in the world."—The *Sphere.*

Jubilee is the catchword of the season. Jubilee coiffures, jubilee dresses, jubilee jewellery—and now, jubilee finger nails. The pattern is a patriotic one of red, white and blue stripes, surmounted with a gold crown. This elaborate design is made by stencils. One side of the nail is painted blue, the other red, and a golden crown is stencilled on top. It is correct to have only the index finger or thumb mounted with this design.—*The Kensington News.*

The inspiring fact that dominates golf is that it is a game for gentlemen and gentlewomen to play. The others who play it need not be considered.—From a Sunday newspaper.

When a white man laughs he means his laughter and regulates it. With the black race the contrary is the case. Both coal-black mammy and her male counterpart when they are tickled laugh too much, partly out of vanity and because of their superb teeth, and partly out of a mentality which when fully grown retains much of the child. That is why, when both must inhabit the same country, it is necessary for the whites to look after and care for the blacks.—James Agate in *Sunday Times.*

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

I HAVE recently spent three weeks in Czechoslovakia, to-day by far the freest and most civilised land in Central Europe. I wish that more of my fellow countrymen, venturing abroad, would take that road. Whether they seek the beauty of old buildings, or high mountains, or deep forests, or whether they seek "spas" and "cures," or whether they find interest in peasant art and costumes, still unsophisticated, or in political and economic problems in great variety, or in the spectacle of the healthy all-round growth of a young and vigorous national life, and of the simple decencies of democracy maintained amid the surrounding decadence, they will be well rewarded.

For years it has been a commonplace that Czechoslovakia has been the outstanding success among the States born or re-born in the convulsions of the Great War and the Great "Peace." Here there has been a consolidation, a steady progress, and a liberation of powers long imprisoned which, if we take account of all the difficulties in the way, must command our respect.

And the difficulties of to-day are still very formidable. Eight hundred thousand unemployed in a population of fifteen millions, relatively a worse situation than ours; prices of agricultural produce too low to give the peasant more than a spare and precarious standard of life; the price of wood so low that at the eastern end of the Republic, in Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, where it is the principal means of livelihood, poverty is extreme; problems of regionalism, as in Slovakia, and of national minorities, German, Magyar, Ruthenian and Jew; the overshadowing fear of another war in Europe which, for a small country, a historic cockpit, lying right in the track of bombing aircraft and invading armies, and surrounded by neighbours not all reliably pacific, is more poignant and actual than we, with our sense of greater strength and our illusion of geographical detachment, can easily understand. "Hitler's aeroplanes could be over Prague twelve minutes after crossing the frontier." It was a Socialist and Trade Union leader who said this to me.

Some of these problems can only be solved by international action, in which Czechoslovakia can play a prominent part, in the reduction, for instance, of the present fantastic barriers against international trade. Others she can solve by her own efforts. She laid some solid foundations of social equality in the early post-war years, by abolishing all titles—I met a gentleman at Kosice in East Slovakia who had lost one, but seemed none the worse—and by breaking up the large estates among the peasants. In Bohemia before the war one-third of the land was owned by 150 families. And it is claimed that, in contrast with some other countries, this sweeping agrarian reform has been followed by a steady increase in agricultural production. There has been a great drive in education, public health, housing and road building.

Her national minorities are better treated than most national minorities elsewhere, and much better than national majorities under dictatorships. Each national minority has its own schools, with the teaching and text-books in its own tongue. I visited, in the Eastern parts of the Republic, not only Czech and Slovak schools, but Magyar schools, Ruthenian schools, Rumanian schools, Jewish schools, even, at Uzhorod, a Gipsy school. At this last I asked the teacher: "What do these children do, when they leave school?" "Most of them take up music," he replied. They join the Gipsy bands one hears in many restaurants and cafés. Members of the national minorities have not only their own schools, but a substantial equality of civic rights—votes, newspapers of their own, Trade Unions, Co-operative Societies, a share, as peasants, in the distributed estates. I met a Magyar Socialist mayor in a Danube town, an old Trade Unionist. He and his Magyar fellow workers lived fuller civic lives there than would be allowed them in present-day Hungary. And they seemed to realise it. Continuously since 1926 the German minority

has had two Ministers in the Cabinet at Prague. Since 1929 these German Ministers have been a Socialist and an Agrarian.

Ever since the war, except for a reactionary break from 1926 to 1929, which corresponded with the high tide of Communist strength in the country, Czechoslovakia has been ruled by Coalition Governments, in which the Socialist and Peasant parties have been the predominant partners, a series of "Red-Green Coalitions." With proportional representation and a multiplicity of parties, there is always a danger of weak and ineffective government. Czechoslovak politicians have shown great practical aptitude in the handling of this complicated situation. The successive Governments, in which the Socialist parties have been represented, have a good record of solid, if not sensational, achievement in social legislation and public enterprise. And a swing to the Left in the coming elections would quicken the pace of internal reconstruction.

As an internal menace to the State, Fascism is negligible. A trifling spasm of Czech Fascism, led by the discredited General Gayda, was easily suppressed some years ago. Likewise, more recently, an openly subversive Nazi movement in the German regions. It was put to me that the presence of a number of nationalities within the Republic is a considerable safeguard against the growth of Fascism, which is essentially based upon the blatant self-assertion of some one nationality. It is, however, one of the chief points of interest in the general election being held on May 19th, to see what progress will be made by the new German Party led by Karl Henlein, till recently an obscure gymnastic instructor. This Party, well supplied with funds from across the frontier, though paying lip service to the unity of the Republic, is conducting a strong pro-Hitler propaganda.

The Communists have gone downhill since 1926. The Socialists have vigorously reasserted themselves, and the fear of such a slide to Communism as helped to wreck democracy in Germany has vanished. A further Communist decline is likely in the forthcoming elections, particularly since the recent establishment of cordial diplomatic relations between Prague and Moscow.

Slovak regionalism is a long story, but, so far as I could judge, a diminishing factor of internal disunity. If, after the elections, the Slovak Autonomist Party, led by the aged Father Hlinka, re-enters the Government Coalition, this factor will diminish even faster. There are to-day, as there have always been since the end of the war, Slovak Ministers in the Cabinet. Two of the ablest members of the present government, both of whom I met, are M. Hodza, the Minister of Commerce, a Slovak Agrarian, and M. Derer, the Minister of Justice, a Slovak Socialist. The proportion of Slovaks employed in responsible posts, not only in Slovakia but in other parts of the Republic, is steadily rising. And anyone who thinks that, because some Slovaks still have grievances or jealousies against the Czechs, therefore they would side, in any serious crisis, with open enemies of the Republic, is, I believe, deceiving himself. Father Hlinka himself, the most intransigent of Slovaks, whom before the war the Hungarians imprisoned for preaching in his mother tongue, began and ended a long talk I had with him at his home at Ruzomberok with the declaration: "I am a Slovak, and I am utterly opposed to all claims, whether by Poles or by Hungarians, for so-called treaty revision at our expense."

Slovakia, more than any other part of the Republic, has gone through a phase of very rapid change in the last sixteen years. Its administrative capital, the beautiful city of Bratislava on the Danube, has grown out of all knowledge. So, in almost like proportion, has Kosice, the principal town in Eastern Slovakia. The incoming population has been Slovak; the Germans and Magyars, both absolutely and relatively, have declined.

Minority problems do not stay put. Tides of migration modify them; so do differential birth-rates. In Czechoslovakia to-day the tides of migration are flowing westward and southward. Slovaks and, further East, Ruthenians are moving. And not only moving faster, but multiplying faster, than other elements in the population. In 1933 in Bohemia the birth-rate of the Czechs was sixteen and of the Germans fifteen per thousand, but in Slovakia that of the Slovaks was twenty-six and in the Eastern province that of the Ruthenians was thirty-nine per thousand. That of the Magyars, in the Republic as a whole, was twenty-four. These tendencies work against the advocates of frontier revision.

From Prague I paid a flying visit to Vienna. It was a most unpleasing contrast. I was present for some hours at the trial of the Schutzbund leaders, since sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for having prepared to resist illegal force with force. "Assistant judges" sat on the bench, wearing anti-Socialist party emblems on their coats. I was in the seats reserved for "distinguished visitors," alone save for an observer from the Czechoslovak Legation. In front of me the seats reserved for the press were empty, save for the correspondents of the *Daily Herald*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the International Press Service. No representatives of the Austrian press were present. The seats behind me were crowded with detectives and Socialists. I saw plenty of evidence in that Court and elsewhere that the spirit of Red Vienna still lives; its head is bloody but unbowed.

I visited the ruins of the workers' club in Ottakring, shelled and machine-gunned into silence, the road in front of it still roped off and closed to traffic. The authorities headed off the Prince of Wales from seeing this disgrace during his recent tour of Vienna. He had it, I was told, on the list of the sights which he asked to see. He was particularly interested in the great housing achievements of the municipality, and he went first at his own request to the Karl Marxhof, wearing a red flower in his buttonhole (if he had been an Austrian Socialist he would have been arrested for this), and talked with some of the tenants and noted the marks of the bombardment, now patched up. But, before he could reach Ottakring, which they had put last on the list, his official guides expressed regret that it was time for lunch.

I was glad to get back from Vienna to Prague, from bond to free.

HUGH DALTON

ONLY KIND TO BE CRUEL

IT has often been said that irony is a dangerous weapon in argument, because what one man says ironically will be taken quite literally by another. This is not surprising because the things that one man says ironically are extraordinarily like the things that many other people believe seriously. Defoe's *Short Way with Dissenters*, which was written as a parody of the Churchmen's attitude to Dissenters, so completely expressed what many Churchmen felt that they applauded it vigorously on its appearance and were furious with Defoe when they discovered that, instead of meaning what he said and saying what they meant, he had been guying them.

Sometimes, when I read letters in the newspapers, I find myself wondering whether the writers intended to be ironical or serious. I read a letter during the week-end, for example, in which the writer denounced the hanging of bells round the necks of cats, and I am still puzzled as to whether he meant the letter as a joke or whether he is really a man who, in a world threatened with servitude and the horrors of war, is dedicating himself to the great task of liberating cats from bells. I should not have regarded him as a possible ironist if he had confined himself to a denunciation of the cruelty to the cat. It is at least arguable that the cat is irritated by the bell, just as I, as a small boy, was irritated by having to wear gloves on my way to church. The cat undoubtedly does for a time do its utmost to get rid of the bell and is grateful to the passing urchin who steals its collar as a trophy. In time the cat becomes resigned to its fate—the happiest cats I have known have been bell-wearers—but this may be only the happiness of slavery, a happiness like that of the caged bird. The campanophobe may reasonably question whether we have the right to break the spirit of a noble animal in such a fashion.

The writer of the letter, however, was not content to argue the matter from the cat's point of view. He went on to denounce bells in the interests of the birds. He admitted that the purpose of the bell was to save the lives of birds by warning them with its tinkle of the approach of the cat. He even admitted that the lives of many birds were saved as a result of cats wearing bells. But, he argued, the birds that are caught by cats wearing no bells are the weakest of their tribe, and Nature does not wish their lives to be saved. The great law of Nature is the survival of the fittest, and she produces bell-less cats in order to weed out the unfit birds. By hanging a bell round the cat's neck we are interfering with the law of Nature and what we are doing must ultimately lead to the creation of "a C-3 population of birds"—a cheerless brood, surely, white-feathered before middle age and with only a mournful twitter for a song. It is obvious then that, if you sincerely love birds, you will do nothing to prevent the cat from catching them. Every bird caught leaves more food for other and better birds. Thus is the degeneration of the species stayed. Everyone must have noticed how the introduction of the cat into Europe has improved the race of mice by getting rid of the weaklings. From the cat in ambush, and the cat in pursuit, the mouse has learnt cunning of brain and speed of limb. Had the mice not been apprenticed from infancy to the battle of life, the stupid and the slow would gradually have outnumbered the clever and swift, and houses would have been infested with them as with beetles. Let us, then, be as kind to the birds as we have been to the mice. Let us subject them to peril and hardship for their own good. Birds cannot be really free while cats are not free. Cruelty to cats—such as is involved in hanging bells round their necks—ultimately means cruelty to birds.

The argument seems sound enough except for the fact that Nature has comparatively little to do with the presence of the domestic cat in England. England, I believe, once possessed her native wild cats, but Nature, personified in Man, went out with a gun and got rid of them. Man seems always to have desired to belong to a C-3 population and has done his best to get rid of animals that encouraged him to feats of A-1 speed and sharp-wittedness. He has slain, when he could, the lion, the tiger, and the serpent, not realising that these were his friends—Nature's instruments in sorting out the strong from the weaklings. If Man had only never warred on wild beasts, what a race we might have been by now—every man a Hitler!

The most cruel thing that ever happened to the human race, however, was the unnatural campaign to rid the world of noxious germs and insects. Here was Nature doing her best to clear out the C-3 and to prepare a world fit for heroes to live in, and yet even in these enlightened days Man is still blindly and busily engaged in destroying his friends, the rat-flea, the louse and the mosquito. Think of all that our race owed in the past to plague and disease. How they banished the weaklings to a better world, and strengthened the human stock into a race of great men and beautiful women! It was in a plague-stricken and germ-ridden world that Achilles and Helen became immortal through their A-oneness, that Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon slew their hundreds of thousands, that Homer and burning Sappho sang, that Shakespeare and Milton became princes of poetry. Since we have taken to interfering with germs and insects, however, what a change has come over the human spectacle! Consider our statesmen—a flock of bewildered C-3 sheep! Consider our poets—a flock of disconsolate birds that have lost the gift of song! Painters without vision, musicians without ears, novelists without plots, women without complexions—who can doubt that we are paying the penalty that must be paid by all who interfere with the laws of Nature?

And, if interference with germs and insects has brought about such disastrous results, what is likely to happen if we hamper, as many people nowadays wish to hamper, the activities of that great war-god who did so much in the past by a process of selection to produce an A-1 population, magnificent in strength, speed and cunning? Shall we not dwindle in stature even as the birds that have been saved from the cat by the humanitarian bell? It is only a comparatively short time since many rational people took for granted what they called the biological necessity of war. Even during the war a Very Great Man declared—in private—that war was absolutely necessary as a means of keeping down the population. It seemed to me, when I heard this, that he was overstating his case. Man, being an animal full of resources, can conceivably discover other ways of keeping down the population. If a country feels that it is overpopulated all it has to do is to decide how many of its inhabitants are superfluous, and to arrange a series of noble banquets in various centres to which the weakest and weediest will be invited in order to be painlessly poisoned. This is really a more eugenic way of doing things than war. War does not seem in modern times to lead to the survival of the fittest as it used to do. In modern war the C-3 man has three times more chances of surviving than the A-1 man. It is obviously much more in the national interest to kill off the C-3 men by scientific methods and to breed from the physically and mentally healthy stock.

It may be thought that, in such circumstances, the A-1 population would gradually degenerate in a life of African ease. The A-1 man, it might be argued, would feel dangerously secure, and so would never become hardened as men who are hardened under that great educator, insecurity, become. I doubt, however, whether even the brightest and best of the citizens would feel particularly secure when it became a question who was going to be poisoned at the annual banquet. C-3 men would undoubtedly begin to train feverishly—to put themselves in the hands of osteopaths, masseurs, and electrical healers—to drink sour milk and the juice of lemons and everything that was good for them—to swallow every medicine that was guaranteed to cure every ailment of the heart, liver and stomach—I, for one, would give up smoking—and, on the day on which the guests for the poison banquet were to be selected, the A-1 man would tremble with apprehension lest he had done something that would put him at a disadvantage in comparison with some weaker brother. Thus the whole population would be keyed up to a rivalry in fitness. Fear of death by poison would take the place of fear of death in war, and would become increasingly more effective. The world, in the course of a generation or two, would become one vast *mens sana in corpore sano*. Everybody would be so fit that it would seem almost a pity to kill anybody. The killing, however, despite the outcry of the humanitarians, would have to go on. It might seem cruel, but it would really be intelligently directed kindness—the same kindness that lets a cat without a bell loose among the birds. C-3 kindness is too often A-1 cruelty. If the birds could speak, who doubts that they would begin their morning chant with a prayer to us to abandon our well-meant efforts to protect them? Y. Y.

Correspondence

LIBERALISM AND LABOUR

SIR,—I was glad to read in your issue of April 27th Lord Lothian's interesting and thought-provoking article. It is good that before the battle of the general election is joined and hand-to-hand encounters begin there should be a clear statement of the issues between the parties. He offers a wide target for attack, but so as not to trespass unduly on your space I select only two of his basic points for reply.

First, he asserts that it is not capitalism but nationalism that is the origin of our troubles. I submit that that is to mistake the occasion for the cause. It may well be that the monstrous reparation clauses of the peace treaties and the subsequent mounting tariff barriers introduced a disturbing factor into world economy. But, after all, the trade which crosses national frontiers is only a small part of world trade; and capitalism if it were a stable system ought to be able to reach a new position of equilibrium. In fact, it has wholly failed to do so. Let me illustrate by the case of the United States. The natural resources of that great country are

so diverse that there is no reason why it should not survive and prosper even when its external trade is reduced to a minimum. But we have had for years there the spectacle of hungry and destitute men and women co-existing with unemployment, the destruction of crops, and the deterioration of capital.

Lord Lothian says that capitalism is as capable of digesting mass production to-day as it was of digesting the steam engine a hundred years ago. But the essential change from the nineteenth century to the twentieth is not merely mass production but mass capitalisation. The laws of supply and demand are fundamentally altered when the competition of a multitude of small units gives place to semi-monopolistic conditions. The statics and dynamics of a heap of sand do not apply to a pile of great rocks.

That brings me to the second point of our disagreement. If I understand him aright Lord Lothian rejects not merely Socialism but all planning on a really wide scale. It is true that he says, "Liberals are *now* prepared to support any degree of State interference or State enterprise which *can be shown* to conduce" to human welfare. (The italics are mine.) But the context shows that in his view such instances must be strictly limited.

His case against planning is that if it is confined to production it will be useless, and if it is not confined to production it will spread till it becomes a dictatorial control over every aspect of human life. I should have supposed that it was self evident that in the realm of production alone wise planning was needed to utilise the capital and labour which are at present running to waste. On the other hand, it is, of course, true that planning may be overdone and abused. It will no doubt have to be jealously watched and guarded to prevent improper use. That is equally true of every other new and valuable piece of machinery. But that is no reason for refusing as a community to plan our industrial life, nor for attempting to tackle the problems of the twentieth century with the tools that belonged to the nineteenth.

11 Old Square, F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE
London, W.C.2.

SIR,—May an old-fashioned Socialist put the following points to your "old-fashioned Liberal" correspondent, Mr. H. G. Wood?

That justice is not a fixed and unchanging ethic, but an ever evolving sense of fairness, therefore always contradicting or at least challenging some "old-fashioned Liberal" apprehensions.

That an act cannot be unjust if inescapable as a "remedy" for a "social ill."

That it is impossible to find remedies for the main social ills, especially that at the centre and pivot of things, exploitation of our fellows, without the "elimination" of privately appropriated "rent, interest, and profits."

That whilst a classless society in a cultural sense is undesirable as well as impossible, a classless society in the economic sense is socially desirable from every point of view, and especially in the interest of a maximum of culture worth the name.

That private control of productive capital is not in the least essential to the effective pursuit of that eminently desirable end.

Hemel Hempsted. JESSE HAWKES

SIR,—Mr. Dalton quotes Lord Lothian as declaring that Liberals are ready to support any degree of State interference or State enterprise which can be shown to make for a better standard of living, etc. He then draws the inference that Liberals should vote Labour at the next election. May I suggest that this is a glaring case of *non sequitur?* Liberals are of opinion that State interference, such as Socialists propose and modern Conservatives practise, so far from conducing to the betterment of society, will procure its ruin. Mr. Dalton's further remark that Liberals, "if they wish their votes to be effective," must choose between the Labour Party and the National Government strikes me as merely cynical. If, indeed, our alternatives are the devil and the deep sea, present methods of voting stand utterly condemned.

"Socialism," writes another of your correspondents, "is the fulfilment of the Liberal creed." Here, again, I differ. At this year's conference of the National League of Young Liberals, Mr. Elliott Dodds said in his presidential address that our slogan should be "Ownership for All." Our policy is the preservation of private property and its widest possible diffusion, because, as we hold, there is no other basis on which liberty can be at once secure and general. Obviously, then, Socialism is not the fulfilment of Liberalism, but the antithesis to it.

Major Attlee remarks truly that "adequate purchasing power gives freedom of choice to the consumer," yet he does not appear to realise that Socialistic planning, whether directed by his associates or by, say, Mr. Walter Elliot, can only achieve an even moderate success if the consumer's choice be limited by inadequate purchasing power. As Mr. Lippmann so admirably puts it in his book, *The Method of Freedom:* "In markets where the buyer is master and has many choices, the producer is not in a position to plan because he is not in control of the situation!" On this point, I fear, the Russians (and our Minister for Agriculture with his schemes for creating scarcity) show themselves to possess a far clearer vision than Major Attlee's. They know that only in a "seller's market," where the consumer must take what is offered him, can a Socialistic system be made to work.

Lytchett Matravers, WILLOUGHBY DEWAR,
Nr. Poole. (Member of the Executive: National League of Young Liberals)

[For reasons of space a large number of letters on this subject have been unavoidably held over.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FAMINE IN RUSSIA

SIR,—Will you grant me space for a belated defence against a serious charge affecting my reliability as a journalist and writer, which Mrs. Beatrice Webb raises in her review of my book, *Russia's Iron Age*, in your issue of March 9th. Mrs. Webb accuses me of irresponsible exaggeration in my account of famine conditions in southern and south-eastern Russia in the winter of 1932–33 and the spring of 1933. She writes:

> Mr. Chamberlin tells us that in the autumn of 1933 he ascertained the mortality statistics in *one* of the 70,000 villages in the U.S.S.R., during certain months only, in one of these years. He then calmly extends these deaths to three or four millions. How does he do this? He first assumes that the monthly deathrate in that one village continued undiminished for a whole year, or even longer; he then assumes, without any warrant, that the famine affected a population of 60 millions, to which, equally without warrant, he applies the deathrate of his one village during the few worst months.

Anyone who deduced famine on a large scale from such flimsy premises would certainly be open to grave criticism. But the actual process by which I reached the conclusion that famine, with an average mortality of approximately 10 per cent., prevailed in Ukraina and the North Caucasus (territorial subdivisions of the Soviet Union inhabited by over forty million people) was utterly different from the imaginary one described and knocked down by Mrs. Webb. May I briefly summarise it in the words of my book?

> I visited three widely separated districts of the Soviet Union—Kropotkin, in the North Caucasus, and Poltava and Byelaya Tserkov, in Ukraina. I talked at railroad stations with peasants, ranging from the south-east corner of Ukraina, in the Donetz Basin, to the north-western part of Chernigov Province.

This, I submit, is somewhat different from deducing widespread famine on the basis of the experience of a single village; and my own observations were confirmed by a large amount of independent testimony of foreigners and Russians, which, unfortunately, I am not in a position to quote, because of the well-known Soviet technique of administrative repression. After my trip, which lasted for two weeks in the autumn of 1933 and was taken as soon as the official prohibition on travel by foreign journalists in the country districts of Ukraina and the North Caucasus had been lifted by the Soviet authorities, it was simply impossible for me, as I believe it would have been impossible for any candid and objective traveller with a knowledge of the Russian language, to doubt that this very large and normally very fertile part of the Soviet Union had experienced a major famine. The only alternative to this conviction would have been a quite fanciful belief that hundreds of people of quite different social classes, and in districts which were separated from each other by hundreds and even thousands of miles, had suddenly simultaneously succumbed to a fit of pathological lying, causing them to invent, with the most circumstantial detail, stories of the deaths from outright hunger and from related diseases of their mothers, fathers, children and closest relatives.

In closing I would suggest that anyone who is interested in the historicity of the Soviet famine of 1932–1933, which the Soviet authorities made extraordinarily thorough and not altogether unsuccessful efforts to conceal, should follow in my footsteps and visit the three regions which I mentioned. A knowledge of the Russian language or a reliable interpreter would, of course, be essential in such a trip. I should confidently leave the accuracy

and moderation of the statements in my book about the famine to the judgment of the peasants of these three regions, from whom, indeed, I derived most of my first-hand information.

My estimate, which is necessarily a highly approximate one, that fifty or sixty million people were affected by famine is based on

(1) Personal observation in Ukraina and the North Caucasus, inhabited by more than forty million people, where I travelled widely and did not find any districts which did not report a heavy famine mortality;

(2) Information, from a variety of sources which I had reason to consider authentic, indicating that similar conditions prevailed in those sections of Ukraina and the North Caucasus which I did not visit personally, and also in the German Volga Republic, in a number of districts of the Lower and Middle Volga and of Russian Central Asia, especially in Southern Kazakstan and Kirghizia.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

258 Shirokane Sanko-Cho, Shiba-ku.

"WE SPEAK FOR THE SILENT"

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer, in his review of the two books recording the experiences of political prisoners, one in Germany and one in Russia, calls for a "genuine and disinterested clamour against cruelty." Will not all those who agree with him—and their name must surely be legion—range themselves with us in the Howard League in our campaign for an international Convention on Penal Administration under the aegis of the League of Nations, so that "the silent" in prison may have their Charter of Justice and Humanity, and their friends outside a sounding board at Geneva which will echo to the world protests against the cruelties and injustices which defile the prisons of every continent?

Ten years ago the Howard League, then only a voice crying in the wilderness, called upon the League of Nations to take up this question, and published at Geneva the plain unvarnished account of fully authenticated cases of atrocities which had taken place in a number of countries. The political events of the decade have intensified the need for such a charter, and the tale of cruelty, begotten of tyranny and fear, lengthens all the time. But one thing encourages us and that is the growing realisation, at Geneva and in the free countries of the world, that this is an international problem demanding international action. The International Penal and Penitentiary Commission has drawn up a Standard Minimum for Prisoners, which if respected would at least ensure a modicum of decency in prison administration, and the League of Nations has so far acknowledged the force of the Howard League's claim for prisoners that it has circulated the Minimum Rules to all governments and exhorted them to report as to the extent to which they individually observe them, and to level up their conditions to these standards where they now fall below. We want the Standard Minimum to be extended and to become a real Prisoners' Charter. But we need the united support of all who hate cruelty, not only to secure a charter but to make it a living force. Paper liberties are useless, but in this country at least we ought to realise how valuable charters may be when implemented by the dynamic force of an ever vigilant well-informed public opinion.

This year, as every year since 1925, the Howard League will open a Penal Reform Bureau at Geneva during the Assembly of the League of Nations. We have the backing of penal reform groups in other countries of Europe and in the British Empire. We ask for the active support of our own countrymen in the campaign against cruelty in whatever prison it may be found. I shall be glad to give more information about our international work to anyone who will write to me at the Howard League office.

CICELY M. CRAVEN,
Hon. Secretary.

The Howard League for Penal Reform.
Parliament Mansions, Orchard Street,
London, S.W.1.

A WRITERS' CONGRESS

SIR,—On the eve of my departure for the Thirteenth Annual Congress of the P.E.N., which opens in Barcelona on the 20th inst., under the presidency of Mr. H. G. Wells, I am much interested to learn from a letter in your columns that another writers' congress will take place in Paris early in June, the purpose of which, to quote your correspondents, "is to discuss and initiate measures for the maintenance of cultural freedom in view of the dangers which threaten it in a number of countries to-day."

Your readers are probably aware that the P.E.N. is a world association of writers, with fifty centres; that it has been in existence for some fourteen years, and that much of its energy has been spent on the very purpose to which the French congress proposes to devote its time.

I hope you will allow me to recall that the P.E.N. has consistently advocated freedom of expression in literature; that it took effective action in connection with repressive measures in Germany, Italy, and elsewhere; has been instrumental in mitigating conditions which hampered the free interchange of literature between some of the smaller nations; has taken prompt steps whenever possible in cases of individual hardship; and has, in a word, endeavoured to live up to the resolution passed unanimously in Scotland last year, viz.:

> "The P.E.N. stands for liberty of expression throughout the world and views with apprehension the continual attempts to encroach upon that liberty in the name of social security and international strategy. It affirms its belief that the necessary advance of the world towards a more highly organised political and economic order renders a free criticism of administration and institutions imperative from all points of view."

The agenda before the P.E.N. Congress in Barcelona bristles with resolutions and statements bearing on certain aspects of this problem, which all serious writers recognise as of supreme importance.

HERMON OULD,
Hon. Secretary,
International Executive
Committee of the P.E.N.

The P.E.N., Albion House,
59/61 New Oxford Street,
W.C.1.

OX-ROASTING FOR ENTERTAINMENT

SIR,—Even the wise may sometimes stumble, and, sad to say, for once even your genial contributor, "Critic," has been misled. It happens that the original is before me of a letter which, as your readers were informed last week, was sent to a certain vegetarian society by "a municipal worthy in the West of England," in reply to a telegram which he had received, objecting, on various grounds, to the proposed roasting of an ox for purpose of amusement as part of the Silver Jubilee celebrations. Your contributor's alleged summary—duly set forth in inverted commas—consists of no fewer than ninety-five words. The letter itself, however, has no more than forty-three. Not only so, but the writer makes no pretence of argument and there is actually no mention at all of any one of the three points to which your contributor refers—i.e., to the alleged parallel between "the roasting of a dead animal whole on the village green and the roasting of thousands of dead animals every day in sections in individual ovens," to the frivolous suggestion of cooking potatoes as an alternative, or to possible offence given to many of His Majesty's loyal subjects in India (the latter, as the writer has cause to know, a perfectly sound argument, and, after all, is it not the mark of the gentleman always that he does not even *wish* to offend?) "Critic" himself chooses innocently to visualise the whole messy business as nothing more nor less than a generous attempt on the part of someone to provide a free meal. Not so, however, the "municipal worthy" himself at the beginning, if a local newspaper published two months ago is to be believed, for therein I find it stated that this self-same "municipal worthy in the West of England," at a public meeting, offered "to roast an ox, if this met with the approval of the town, *although he foresaw some difficulty in getting rid of the ox after it was roasted*" (italics mine), but "he thought it would be something for the children to remember." "Critic" (who, presumably, does not object to being criticised) must really forgive me if I say that facts and construction are both equally at fault and that some of us, who have found time to watch this modern recrudescence of mediaevalism in England somewhat more closely than he himself possibly has been able to do, are not quite so easily taken in!

To some of your readers it may appear that much space is now being taken up with a relatively small matter. But is it actually as insignificant as it seems? Apart from any question of pain inflicted, my own submission is that the exploitation of a defenceless creature for amusement, especially if a large crowd participates, cannot be a small matter. Whether this revival portends a decline in the English character must be left to others to decide. But there are many, I am quite sure, who feel that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, if it be true to its traditions, so far from jesting, cannot fail to register disapproval.

FRANK WYATT,
Secretary,
London Vegetarian Society.

London Vegetarian Society,
8 John Street, W.C.2.

[This does indeed seem a long song about a small jest. We fail to see why public ox-roasting has anything more to do with

vegetarianism than private ox-roasting, or why our "traditions" require us to register "disapproval." "Critic" made it clear that he was not quoting verbally. He wrote that the reply was "to this effect."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A correction. Owing to a printing error the letter which was published last week on Osteopathy was wrongly signed. The signature should have been Wilfrid A. Streeter,
On behalf of the Osteopathic Legislation Committee.

Miscellany

BLOOMSBURY INCIDENTAL

SHE was a big woman, enormous she looked, and always somewhere on the same stretch of the street. I used to pass her nearly every evening walking from Southampton Row to Mecklenburgh Square. She looked colossal. I used to wonder how on earth she got any man to go with her, she looked so big. She was getting on, too, she must have been well over forty and she didn't look faintly attractive even in the dark she was so big. And her clothes were fantastic, too, almost outlandish; she wore a wideawake hat like the Spaniard in the Sandeman advertisement, and terrific earrings, they fascinated me, they were so big, and round her shoulders was a great fur, yards and yards of it there seemed, coiling round and round, with her earrings resting on top like epaulettes that had shrunk and tarnished.

I suppose I saw her two or three times a week for more than a year and always in the same bit of street; it was the end of Bernard Street and she'd never be far out of the shadow of those two trees that used to lean over and form an arch just before you got into the Square at the end. She was always under the bigger one, it was a giant, a plane tree, it must have been about the biggest in London. Her handbag was big, too, one of those made of crocodile skin with claws hanging down from the catch, and she never tucked it under her arm, just held it by the strap dangling round her knees. She always wore a black coat and skirt, and the skirt was so narrow she could hardly walk. I couldn't understand how she ever got a man to go home with her, she was so huge. I put her down as well over six feet. I reckon she must have been nearly six foot three, and she was big all over, too, in proportion. She was colossal.

She never seemed to talk to anyone, I never even saw her accost a man, but she was always round the same spot somewhere near those trees. I saw her there most evenings I passed. She'd be just hanging about staring in front of her, I reckon she must have been near fifty. Her face was always powdered dead white and her great slashing mouth scarlet, she was almost repulsive yet she fascinated me, she was so big. I used to slow down sometimes just to look her over, but she never gave me so much as a glance, she knew I was merely curious. I reckon she must have known her own market all right, you could see she'd been on the game a good long time. I never caught her looking in my direction, but she must have known I was no good.

I'd never managed to see her eyes properly, owing to that Spaniard's hat of hers, but somehow I'd made up my mind they were big like the rest of her. I'd even thought they'd be beautiful. I've often seen lovely eyes in the wrong face and somehow they seem no good without the right setting, like putting emeralds in a lump of clay. Then one day I saw her whole face lit up in the headlights of a car and her eyes were pig eyes, tiny little things set wide apart. She looked awful. Up to that time I'd just thought of her as a sort of curiosity, but after that I felt sorry for her. She was so big for those tiny eyes, I couldn't understand it. That colossal woman with eyes like a pig.

She began to worry me then and I even thought of talking to her, but her size put me off, I thought somebody'd see me, but I couldn't get those eyes off my mind and used to slow right up when I saw her, but she never took any notice. And then about a week later they began to alter the house on the corner, putting in bathrooms and things, and I suppose the tree kept the light out or something, for it was lopped a bit and then they cut it down altogether. It may have been nothing to do with the tree, but from that day I never saw the woman again. She never appeared at all from the day they cut down that tree, and somehow I missed her. They were both huge, the tree must have been one of the highest planes in London, and she was colossal. Even now I never walk down that street without looking to see if she's there, but she's never been back. But God, she was huge. She was colossal, and those wretched tiny eyes. JOHN HACKNEY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Paul Robeson at the Embassy

Stevedore, to be seen for two more nights (May 17th and 18th) at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage (unless other arrangements have been made), is a piece of race-propaganda. Its object is to rouse pity for the negro in the Southern States of America and indignation against those who treat him like dirt and exploit him. It is, no doubt, a sense of bitter injustice which has induced Mr. Paul Robeson to lend his talents, well supported by the whole cast, to a play which has little merit beyond the sincerity and justice of its protest. The underlying suggestion of the play is that the oppression of the coloured man is not merely due to fear of him, unavoidable in a small dominant white minority, but that racial prejudice is fostered and sometimes deliberately excited by employers in order to keep black labour down. The scene is laid in New Orleans. The Oceanic Stevedore Company is threatened with Trade Union difficulties which may prove disastrous if white and black labour pull together. They, therefore, take advantage of a charge of rape against some nigger unknown improvised, as we have seen in the first scene, by a white woman in order to conceal from her husband that he has been struck by her white lover. They fix this charge on the most formidable of their black employees, a "bad nigger" in their jargon because he is a black man who can show some spirit. The play presents the hunting-down of Lonnie Thomson. Mr. Robeson in this part displays three of his impressive gifts—his grand natural dignity, and his power of expressing both terror and indignation. The play itself though well justified as the Scottsboro case has shown, suffers from being undisguised propaganda. We are mercifully spared a lynching scene, but the thrill throughout springs from fear that we shall *not* be spared it. Lonnie is shot, defending a nigger tenement from a mob after having temporarily screwed up his people to resisting instead of cringing. The cast is chiefly a coloured one, and the spectator's chief pleasure, apart from Mr. Robeson's performance, is derived from the amiable eager animation of negro scenes, and the extraordinary pleasant quality of their voices.

"The Abbé Prévost," Croydon Repertory Theatre

Despite its intelligent dialogue and a certain fragrancy, which all her work possesses, Miss Helen Waddell's play on the Abbé Prévost at the Croydon Repertory Theatre suffers from its inability to get the flavour of the principal rôles across the footlights and from a too uneven balance between the main theme and the decoration of the plot. The feather-brained little baggage Lenki, charmingly played by Miss Alexis France, and the somewhat solemn Abbé are too lightly sketched to arouse our interest, before they are whisked off to a garret in Drury Lane, where a full-blooded landlady, who has retired from a stage career of almost inconceivable versatility, jostles the poor creatures almost out of view. This scene, in itself an admirably written and effective interlude, if a trifle long, is played to its full by Miss Margaret Yarde in one of those raddled harridan parts, which she has made so very much her own, that she tends to overact them, and throws the play completely off its hinges. So tenuous a *béguin* could never, we feel sure, have wrought such havoc in the Abbé's life, and it is hardly before the cry of anguish, which closes an epilogue in which he reads autobiographical extracts to a cynical patron, that we can believe that this passion had in it anything of the grand manner. Miss Waddell has not dipped her pen in sufficiently robust an ink for her romance to come to life, and it is difficult to think that without knowing the story beforehand the audience

could appreciate the depths of emotion which are supposed to have been aroused. The production is well thought out and the cast good, in particular, apart from the two women, Mr. James Mason as Prévost's friend and Mr. John Boxer as his successor to the graces of Lenki; Mr. Hugh Miller as the Abbé was altogether too much of a family man and it seemed unlikely that he would have imperilled a career for such a dish of ice-cream, or that having done so, he would have put up with it for every meal.

"Shall We Reverse" at the Comedy

This revue has a tenuous but well-managed plot which gives opportunities for scenes in a variety of periods. We are taken to Stone-Age Britain, to Fifth century Athens (where the temple of Zeus is inhabited by Vestal Virgins, a joke, if joke it is, quite above the heads of the audience), to a castle during the Crusades, to Quattrocento Florence, to Versailles in 1789, to Cambridge in the 'Eighties, and, to London in 1926. In this last scene the satire on the naughty 'Twenties was miserably less amusing than it could have been. But the general level of wit is much more sophisticated than in most revues, and the songs are most ingeniously rhymed. Unluckily, the tunes are less remarkable. The costumes and scenery are much above the average. Unluckily, Miss June in the principal part gives a performance which is more industrious than satisfactory, but Miss Sydney Fairbrother and Mr. Robert Hale are both brilliant. The trouble with this show is that it excites the critic to apply unusually high standards: its appeal is to the intelligent, and it is not consistently intelligent. The author, in fact, has not shown the whole courage of his highbrow convictions. Performed by undergraduates, the show would be a riot. As it is, it makes sharper entertainment than any other revue in London.

The Film Society

On Sunday, May 11th, the Film Society's eightieth performance consisted of two three-minute French cartoons, two short films from Portugal and Great Britain, and a long and languorous Polish film entitled *Crossed Paths*. From a scenario by Morozowicz Szczepkowskiej and photographed by Zbigniew Gniazdowski (the director's name was easy), it dealt, according to the programme, "with the time-honoured temporal succession: seduction, pregnancy, misery, repentance, suicide, etc." If you are wondering what etceteras follow suicide, just please consider—of course it was only attempted suicide (though she succeeded in drowning the baby), and the programme means that, when the unmarried mother was confronted with the husband of the woman-barrister who had saved her, who should it be but the seducer himself, of whom all we had previously seen was the back view, the hands, and the sinister shadow? Here was a kettle of fish indeed; here it was that the audience began to giggle, which we, too, may attribute "in part to the film's hackneyed character." We laughed outright, with the quick deduction of a highly developed film sense, when the husband had shot himself and the next thing we saw was a hand packing up instruments after an operation. Both the audience and the programme were right; the husband survived, "the end of the story, but indeed its whole course," was "obvious in spite of the language difficulty." (I didn't myself notice they had any difficulty with the language; but that "the last 'ruined girl' exhibited to the Society was Miss Sibirskaia in 1926." I should, of course, be the last to deny, or corroborate.) Still, it wasn't so bad—well-intentioned, merely unoriginal—whereas the French educational, the British instructional and the Portuguese geographical pictures were all of them excellent. The second of the French snippets (Atlantic production; director, Marcel de Hubsch) was one of those animated diagrams which put the screen to superb use, as a blackboard on which to present facts, history and figures in graphic outlines and lassos of light. Oliveira's *Douro* film was witty and beautiful, and Paul Rotha's *Shipyards*, after a dull first half, came to life as cinematography towards the end. The romance of industry may—who knows—be humbug, but its facts, too faithfully shown, as here, are certainly boring. As the hulk took shape, the romance crept in—and the film improved.

Bonnard at the Lefèvre Gallery

Corot, Manet, Cézanne and Renoir have now become Old Masters, and one approaches the superb examples of their art now to be seen at Messrs. Tooth's and Messrs. Wildenstein's in the same spirit as if they were equally choice examples of Botticelli or Vermeer. But the Bonnard show at the Lefèvre Gallery is something of a challenge to one's critical sense. He is widely accepted as one of the five or six most important painters alive; and there are those who would place him even at their head. This exhibition—for some mysterious reason London has never before had an opportunity of judging him—represents every phase of his development. To give artists marks as if they were candidates for the Treasury is absurd, but perhaps the first thing to say about Bonnard is that he has not the stature either of Picasso or Matisse; the second is that his best works are so ravishing that any such comparisons appear odious. The exquisite *Deux Chiens*, painted some forty years ago, is a proof of his natural gifts; and the rich use to which his experience has put them is summed up in the *Table de Travail* painted last year. Bonnard has a quality which one can hardly call humour, still less whimsicality, but which shows itself in an alertness to seize and adapt the surprising aspects of the visible world. As French as La Fontaine, he is a poet of *le pain quotidien*, carrying for its summit the French small shopkeeper's taste for displaying his vegetables, his wife or his *gigots*, to their best advantage. His early pictures show the influence of Lautrec, of Forain, and of the painter with whom Bonnard is always classed, Vuillard. From the Impressionists he learnt the sumptuous vocabulary of local colour, which he has now enriched with certain assonances learnt from Matisse. And whereas Vuillard's recent attempts to broaden his colour-range have been unlucky, Bonnard now achieves an almost unparalleled rutilance. He is under seventy, and his best work may be still to come. Some of the noblest of all pictures have been painted by octogenarians.

Douglas Davidson at the Redfern Gallery

If Mr. Davidson were not a Highland Scot, one would say that his work was exceedingly English. It is obviously the expression of a modest and sensitive personality meditating at length upon the beauty of fields and nosegays and lighthouses and human muscles. Mr. Davidson's new exhibition shows interesting development in his work: he has always had a delicate sense of colour, and his recent work has a new liveliness and robustness in the putting on of paint. The nude, No. 31, is the best painting he has so far exhibited—a truly admirable exploration of colour and form, which he has suffused with more emotion than he usually allows himself. Here are paintings which it would be a pleasure to live with, and very moderately priced. No one interested in the younger English painters should miss this charming exhibition.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 17th—
- F. Dawn on "Is an International Police Force Practical Politics?" Conway Hall, 7.30.
- "Hassan," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36, Tavistock Place.
- "Hervey House," His Majesty's Theatre.

SATURDAY, May 18th—
- "Heroes of the Arctic," Conway Hall, 6.30 and 8.45.

SUNDAY, May 19th—
- Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton on "The Novel as Maker of the Contemporary Mind," Conway Hall, 11.
- John Grierson on "Advances in Modern Film Technique," Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, 8.
- Hubert Griffith on "That the Contemporary West-end Theatre is Damned," Group Theatre, 9, Great Newport St., 8.30.
- Discussion on Mr. Stanley Spencer's "St. Francis and the Birds" (in particular), and Modernistic Art (in general), Kensington Club, 9.

MONDAY, May 20th—
- British Industries Fair, Birmingham.
- Prof. Major Greenwood on "Temperaments Physical and Psychological in Modern Science," London School of Hygiene, 5.30.
- Rev. A. D. Belden on "The Churches and the Social Crisis," The Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, 8.15.
- "Chase the Ace," Daly's Theatre.
- Toti dal Monte, John McCormack and Erica Moreni, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, May 21st—
- Mock Trial on the Ballet. Charge: "Not Planting Their Feet Firmly on the Ground." Prosecutors: Douglas Woodruff, Ann Driver. Defendants: Maud Allan, Phyllis Bedells, Arnold Haskell, Marie Rambert, London School of Economics, 5.30.
- "Roulette," Duke of York's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, May 22nd—
- Chelsea Flower Show, Royal Chelsea Hospital Gardens.
- "Intimate Opera," Mercury Theatre, 2, Ladbroke Road, W.11.

THURSDAY, May 23rd—
- A. J. Cummings and F. G. Bowles at "Peace in the Air," Dinner, arranged by the League of Nations Union, Central Y.M.C.A., Great Russell St., 7.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Floating Republic, by G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobrée (Bles, 10s. 6d.), is an absorbing account of the two great naval mutinies which took place at Spithead and at the Nore in 1797, while England was at war with France and the fear of invasion was better founded than it has ever been since. Mr. Manwaring is an erudite naval historian and the book is a piece of careful and scholarly research. But it is much more than that since the authors do not conceal that their sympathies are with the men and that there are lessons to be drawn from these mutinies which it is perilous to neglect to-day. Conditions in the Navy had always been bad but they had grown steadily worse during the eighteenth century. The sailors' pay was that which had been fixed in the time of Cromwell, without regard to the rise in prices, and the code of punishment was far fiercer than in the time of Charles II. The only palatable food provided was rum; the salt meat shrivelled to the texture of mahogany and weevilly biscuits were not only uneatable but the direct cause of scurvy. The mutineers demanded fresh vegetables and rations of sixteen ounces to the pound. Discipline was severe and illegal floggings took place for the most trivial offences. As Collingwood had reported to the Admiralty;

> Some of the younger Captains endeavoured to conceal, by great severity, their own unskilfulness and want of attention and beat the men into insubordination.

Such a man was the Captain who exclaimed:

> By God, I'll show them who's Captain; I'll see the man's backbone, by God.

Shore leave was seldom granted and the men were practically prisoners, indeed in such floating hells as the *Sandwich*, where sixteen hundred men were crowded into a vessel whose full war-time complement was 750, conditions were worse than in any prison. The sailors themselves were a mixed lot: the sweepings of docks and prisons, men who had been press-ganged or knocked on the head. But there was a large new element, for in 1795 each county had been made to furnish a quota for the Navy, proportional to its population, and these recruits were men of a better class. The sailors' pay was often two years in arrears, so that Nelson writing to Locker in 1783, says:

> My time, ever since I arrived in town, has been taken up in attempting to get the wages due to my good fellows.

And writing to his wife, after the mutiny had broken out, he says:

> I am entirely with the men in their first complaint (for their arrears of pay).

* * *

The Admiralty not only received warnings of trouble in the shape of petitions from various ships, but in December, 1796 a humane officer, Captain Pakenham, wrote a respectful admonition to the First Lord of the Admiralty on the sailors' grievances. Lord Spencer replied that the subject was:

> so very dangerous to be stirred, that I trust everyone will see the propriety of not allowing it to be agitated on any account whatever.

The Spithead Mutiny which resulted from this fatal answer was perfectly organised and unanimous throughout the Channel Fleet, and was marked by extraordinary good-temper and reasonableness on the men's side. The fleet refused to put to sea, and each ship sent two delegates to the flagship where they formulated their demands and drew up rules:

> The greatest attention is to be paid to the orders of the officers. Any person failing in respect due to them, or neglecting their duty, shall be severely punished.

The unpopular, tyrannical officers were set ashore but in such cases the men asked for other officers to be sent to them. Thus

> As we wish to show the world that we love Discipline and Good Order to be established on board us we humbly hope your Lordship will send us immediately a Captain and two Lieutenants, that we may not be hindered from proceeding with the fleet when ordered to sea. We remain your Lordship's humble servants, *La Nymphe's Ship's Company*.

For England was at war and the mutineers always declared that if the French fleet came out of Brest they would proceed to sea to fight them.

> The men, it is clear, never regarded the affair as a mutiny, but as a combination—one of the very earliest in the history of the Labour movement—to get a just reward for their toil and a betterment of the sub-human conditions of their lives.

The Prince of Wurttemberg, who was about to marry the Princess Royal, turned up in the middle of the mutiny to receive the freedom of Portsmouth. Earl Spencer, Admiral Bridport and Sir William Pitt interrupted the negotiations to take him on a tour of the fleet in a gaily decorated barge! The red flag was flying at all the mastheads, but the men lined the ships to cheer.

> Who but Englishmen would have made a tour of state to show a foreign visitor their fleet in full mutiny?

Owing to the extreme stupidity of Admiral Colpoys, acting in the absence of Bridport, blood was shed. There was a sharp affray in which three or four men were killed and several wounded but it ended with the victory of the mutineers. At that moment, when Colpoys stood facing his enraged crew, a sailor called out: "You're a damned, bloody scoundrel" but his comrades instantly turned on him shouting: "How dare you speak to the Admiral in that manner?" At least, that is the Admiral's own version of the matter.

* * *

There were sensible officers, like Bridport, who did everything they could to prevent violence, and officers like Lieutenant Beaver who wrote to his sister of

> the absurdity of the Board of Admiralty which has only made things worse . . . the seamen still continue to conduct themselves incredibly well.

But many others saw things in a very different light and believed that the mutiny was the work of the Jacobins and United Irishmen. The leading delegate, Joyce, is usually regarded as Irish. He was actually a Channel Islander, and a list of the thirty-three delegates reveals that five were born in Ireland, four in Scotland, and twenty in England. It was said that seditious pamphlets had been circulated; everybody believed it, but none were ever forthcoming. The diehards were, however, overruled; and Lord Howe was sent down to bring the mutiny to an end by conceding all demands. Burke was furious and wrote:

> to send the first name in the navy . . . at upwards of seventy years of age, to hunt among mutineers for grievances, to take the law from Joice, a seditious clubist of Belfast, and to remove by his orders some of the principal officers of the Navy, puts at an end to all hopes for ever.

Howe granted a general pardon, payment of arrears and the removal of tyrannical officers. Fifty-nine officers including one Admiral and four Captains were dismissed. Four of the delegates were subsequently promoted as petty officers. Joyce continued to serve as Quartermaster's mate.

* * *

Directly after this settlement, a mutiny broke out among the ships at the Nore. It had not been properly organised, the ships did not form a unit like the Channel Fleet and the delegates chosen were inferior. They had gained by the Spithead settlement and put forward further, vacillating demands. There was one delightfully humane officer, Captain Fancourt, who, when his men mutined, said:

> If we call out the marines some of the men will be shot and I could not bear to see them lying in convulsions on the deck; no, no, a little patience and we shall all hail unanimity again.

But the Board of Admiralty stood on its dignity; the diehards had got the upper hand, the men grew violent, divided and dispirited and turned against their unfortunate leader, Richard Parker, an ex-schoolmaster, who had once been mad, and who wrote before he was hanged:

> Remember never to make yourself the busybody of the lower classes, for they are cowardly, selfish and ungrateful.

The mutiny collapsed; twenty-nine leaders were hanged, twenty-nine sent to gaol and nine were flogged. Yet it was the futile mutiny at the Nore which aroused public feeling and led to an improvement in the sailors' conditions.

* * *

The book should be widely read—particularly by naval officers and by Communists, for it contains lessons for them both. The same situation may easily arise to-day, as was shown at Invergordon. It is no good the Admiralty congratulating themselves that there is no ship like the *Sandwich* afloat. There is a great deal of legitimate discontent in the Navy. For example, the contrast between their own lot and the easy discipline of the Air Force men must be particularly galling to sailors on aircraft carriers. The authors end on a pessimistic note:

> Perhaps, after all, it is true that "History teaches that History teaches mankind nothing."

But there are still naval officers like Pakenham and Fancourt even if there are not Nelsons. If they read this book, Mr. Manwaring and Mr. Dobrée will have performed a public service.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Belchamber. By H. O. STURGIS. World's Classics Series. *Oxford University Press.* 2s.

Jake. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

Spring in Tartarus. By MICHAEL HARRISON. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.

The Deeply Rooted. By PAMELA HINKSON. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Proceedings of the Society. By KATHARINE M. WILLANS. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

The Uncertain Glory. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Howard Sturgis was that not uncommon, and often extremely decorative, adjunct of the European literary scene—a prosperous American expatriate, soaked in the atmosphere of the country in which he has elected to settle down, who has a large circle of acquaintances, whose friends on the masculine side are characterised by promise and youthful good looks, and on the feminine side by social distinction and physical maturity. For many years Sturgis inhabited a comfortable English home—a kind of opulent enlarged villa—close to the leafy outskirts of Windsor Park. Here he entertained various distinguished men and women of the period; here, ensconced behind an embroidery frame or a piece of fine needlework, he presided over a little group of intimates; and here he wrote three novels of which the most readable, *Belchamber*, has now been reissued. Mr. Gerard Hopkins, who frequently visited Sturgis during his residence at Queen's Acre, has contributed an illuminating, though perhaps somewhat too mannered and reminiscently Jamesian, foreword. He speaks at length of the author's personal charm, of his integrity, sincerity and generosity, and of the frustration that attended his literary career. Henry James disapproved of *Belchamber* on literary grounds; and as recently as 1910—the story had appeared six years earlier—it was voted a dangerous and "unpleasant" volume.

If the story had no other merits, *Belchamber* would still be worth reprinting as an illustration of the varying degrees of literary emphasis that are considered permissible or respectable within the compass of two or three decades. In an era of dissolution, nonconformity can allow itself the widest latitude. Now and then a "daring" novel is suppressed; but for every book that the police courts or the libraries ban appear half a hundred that convey the same message with greater skill. Nowadays, nonconformity is *de rigueur*. Twenty-five years ago it was possible to question the fundamental laws of society as it then existed only at the risk of offending the huge army of right-thinking readers and critics. Not that Sturgis was a radical or revolutionist; *Belchamber* did not offend because it delivered an attack against the breastworks of organised Edwardian society, but because in its unobtrusive, indeed almost apologetic, manner it seemed to open a small breach at the very foundations. For the novel is the story of a social misfit. Modern conditions have accustomed us to the type; we have grown so familiar with the multitude of human beings whose income, sex, and exact political and social status are equally doubtful from every point of view that Lord Belchamber fails to impress or alarm. Yet there is no doubt that, given period and setting, that unhappy nobleman is a figure of some significance.

In a bustling world, he declines to play his part. After tracing his heredity, the novelist describes his hero's efforts to back out of every responsibility imposed on him by the circumstances in which he has been born. He hates his wealth, hates his position, is shy and awkward. Above all, he dreads the idea of marriage. Nevertheless, married off he is; but, on the wedding day, Lady Belchamber announces that she has no intention of allowing him to consummate the alliance; at which her husband is naturally a little hurt but also, apparently, a little relieved. Their marriage is a dismal farce from start to finish. . . . Finally, his wife becomes pregnant by another man; Belchamber acknowledges the child; but, owing to its mother's neglect, the baby dies. At this juncture, one must admit, the narrative is so unconvincing that it ceases even to be painful. The novelist, one feels, in his anxiety to draw a modern character who is entirely out of touch with his surroundings, has had recourse to a melodramatic legend; his woes would have been more eloquent if they had remained subjective. The forces of circumstance, as they converge on the struggling misfit, are localised, much too obviously, in the heartless wife.

Described by Mr. Hopkins as "a moving, a complete, an admirable book," *Belchamber*, tinged with that romantic and nostalgic attitude towards European culture that one distinguishes in the work of Henry James and, more recently, in the novels of Mrs. Wharton, has the makings of a valuable period piece. Here is all the fixity of the old world—the great Jacobean house, the spacious gardens "like a miniature Versailles," and "the little tame church . . . so to speak, tethered on the lawn"; and here, personified in Sturgis's restless and ill-balanced hero, is a reflection—albeit a pale reflection—of the new world that was soon to supersede it. *Belchamber*, claims Mr. Hopkins, is "that rather uncommon thing in English fiction, a 'grown-up' book. I do not mean merely to imply . . . that it deals frankly with a difficult situation. Almost every modern novelist does as much, but modern readers of discrimination must, by this time, have realised that it is possible to be sophisticated, frank, and knowing, without . . . ceasing to be adolescent." Mr. Hopkins may, or may not, be right about

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Belchamber ; but I am afraid that his criticism of the great mass of modern fiction is uncomfortably accurate. Among the five modern novels under review, I look in vain for just that touch of emotional and intellectual maturity which redeems so many faults of subject and style. *Jake*, however, the story of a musical prodigy and of his devoted middle-aged mentor, Richard Lingard, is " grown-up " in the sense that it is extremely competent and written with a wealth of convincing detail, though it does not convince us of the hero's powers ; but *Spring in Tartarus* is a sadly babyish production. I had imagined that Green Hats had gone the way of low waists and thigh-length skirts. But I was wrong ; for, once more, in this ingenuous yet, now and then, prettily phrased novel, the ghost of that gallant and desperate lady whom Mr. Michael Arlen sent jaunting and flaunting down the trampled primrose paths of post-war dalliance lifts a tragic eyebrow over the rim of her empty cocktail glass. I recommend Lady Bianca and Tancred Merrion to all students of the comic aspect of modern literature.

The Deeply Rooted and *The Proceedings of the Society* are better value. Miss Hinkson has written some charming descriptions of Irish, Scotch and English country life, of country houses and the hunting field, and has added a touching supplementary portrait of the lonely old gentleman—a professional guest—who witnesses the development of the main drama. Kathleen, a wistful Irishwoman, married to a kindly but insensitive Englishman whom she does not love, becomes enamoured of Michael, a sensitive and sympathetic personage of the same breed. They confess their mutual passion ; but Kathleen " never funked her fences " ; and in the last chapter she has said goodbye to Michael and is back again at home with the stolid Tom . . . An extremely feminine, yet not unreadable book. *The Proceedings of the Society* is planned on a considerably more ambitious scale ; for instead of the rather facile feminine sentimentalism extracted by Miss Hinkson from her two chief characters, we have a serious attempt to epitomise the quality of several different and, for the most part, singularly ill-adjusted human lives. Miss Willans takes the meetings of a local literary society ; and, on this string, has threaded together a number of studies. She is at her weakest in *Beauty's Sister*, where she is elegiac ; at her best in that brutal episode, *Remembering Ethel*.

Both *The Deeply Rooted* and *The Proceedings of the Society* are written with a certain fastidiousness of diction that very often overshoots the mark. *The Uncertain Glory* is downright and determined satire. Here is a panorama of Scottish civic life. Through the streets of Kirkmechars, prudery and lechery are represented as stalking hand in hand. From the pulpit, Bible-thumping Bobbie inveighs against the corruption of its brothels, bars and dancing-halls ; and in those very resorts Dirty Dorrie and other rabelaisian local burgesses meet every evening to booze, bargain and swap dirty stories. The old are hypocritical and licentious ; the young lascivious and timid. Alec McRobbie seduces Zoë Brannigan ; but he is a poor creature, with a weak stomach for physical love ; and Zoë, who is staunch and candid, soon learns to despise him. Mr. Marshall does not err on the side of subtlety ; but he has written a lively, loud and entertaining book.

PETER QUENNELL

AND STILL THEY COME

D. H. Lawrence. A Personal Record by E. T. *Cape.* 5s.

La Vie de D. H. Lawrence. By ALFRED FABRE-LUCE. *Grasset.* 12 frs.

Since Lawrence's death a remarkable number of his friends have shown themselves ready, and indeed eager, to describe their intimate relations with him. It may be thought that he was specially unfortunate, not to say foolish, in the choice of many of his friends, but certainly this torrent of excited books shows the extraordinary force of his personality, for they are all of them illuminating. Probably no other writer has had so many fierce lights beating on his private life ; and many of the great dead whose characters we most respect would ill support so searching an inquest. It must also be remembered that Lawrence was the victim of three disabilities : a morbid attachment to his mother, which caused him to treat women badly ; a class-consciousness, which made him distrust the educated, while he shrank from the uneducated ; and a chronic malady, responsible for the peevishness which so pitifully disfigures his later correspondence. These disabilities do not lower one's estimate of him as a poet and story-teller. But unluckily he has been taken by many at his own estimate as a prophet. And there is a tragic irony in the spectacle of a prophet lecturing people on how to conduct their lives when he has never learnt, at least so far as personal relations are concerned, how to conduct his own.

" E. T." was a childhood friend of Lawrence, and the first lady to fall in love with him, the original of Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*. She writes partly to correct this distorted picture of their relationship, but her account of Lawrence differs most agreeably from most of the books about him, for she neither denigrates his other friends nor seeks to show that she was the one person to understand and appreciate him. Also, she writes in a restrained and cultivated style, not falsified by sentimentality. Those of us who know Lawrence only through books and letters must sometimes wonder why he excited such jealous devotion. As a friend he was often not only cruel, but untrustworthy ; he had a taste for the uncritical society of persons inferior to himself, and indeed usually quarrelled with those friends who were not also disciples. One secret of his fascination is that, as a friend once put it, " He was the most delightful person in the world to go for a walk with." And E. T. brings this out admirably. But even the pleasure of going for a walk with him seems to have had its disadvantages :

> There seemed no flower nor even weed whose name and qualities Lawrence did not know. At first I was sceptical of his knowledge.
> " How do you know what it is ? " I asked him.
> " I *do* know," he replied.
> " But *how* do you know ? You may be wrong," I persisted.
> " I know *because* I know. How dare you ask me how I know," he answered with heat.

He was sixteen at the time of this characteristic comment.

Soon, inevitably, came the sex bother. In most of his friends Lawrence roused emotional excitement, and it is difficult to believe that this was not partly his own fault, though it may have been largely unconscious. And when it brought on the inevitable crisis, he was angry and cruel. After making enormous emotional demands on E. T., he coldly said, " You have no sexual attraction at all, none whatever." She was the first but not the last woman whom he treated with this unnecessary brutality. E. T., who knew his mother well, gives an account of her which confirms many of the speculations about his Oedipus complex :

> Mrs. Lawrence occupied a remarkable position in her family. She ruled by a sort of divine right of motherhood, the priestess rather than the mother. Her prestige was unchallenged ; it would have seemed like sacrilege to challenge her authority. I wondered often what was the secret of her power, and came to the conclusion that it lay in her unassailable belief in her own rightness.

His sister summed up the situation : " Our Bert can never love any woman. He could only love his mother." The stormy success of his marriage no doubt came from his finding in his wife a second and more generous mother. After his elopement he sent to E. T. a copy of *Sons and Lovers*, in which he had given a most distorted and wounding picture of their relationship, and with it a letter including the words, " Frieda and I discuss you endlessly." He knew that she was still profoundly in love with him : in other men this might be put down to insensitiveness, in Lawrence what could it be but calculated unkindness ? E. T.'s book is essential to anyone who wishes to understand this complicated, hateful, lovable man.

M. Fabre-Luce is the first person to write a book which attempts to be an objective account of Lawrence. It contains little information which is new to English readers, but it is an admirably intelligent biography. The only error I noticed is that he calls the Brewsters English, whereas they are eminently American. In describing the tragi-comedy of Lawrence's repeated enthusiasms for new persons and places and the consequent repeated disillusionments, M. Fabre-Luce underestimates the effect of tuberculosis. He is, however, most sympathetic and even indulgent. He quickly dismisses as nonsense the would-be psychological books, and sees in Lawrence not " L'homme de la Nature " but " Le puritain dévoyé " ; and he applies to him Dostoievski's words, " Je suis l'ennemi naturel de quiconque m'approche." But he excellently defines the quality which makes him one of the most important of our contemporaries :

> Lawrence sait goûter mieux que personne " le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd'hui." Il lui tend son être comme un miroir.

For its combination of sympathy with detachment this book ought to be immediately translated : it is indeed a model of French intellectual virtue.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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Communism and a Changing Civilisation. By RALPH FOX. Twentieth Century Library. *Lane.* 3s. 6d.

The primary concepts of the Communist analysis of history—the dispossessed proletariat, the capitalist state based on property, the essentially bourgeois Social Democrat, history as the history of class struggles—imply axioms which lead inevitably to the orthodox Communist conclusion that capitalism is unstable, and that nothing except Communism, achieved by revolutionary means, can successfully replace it. If we accept the validity of its terminology, it is obviously useless to argue against such an analysis, and almost as useless to state it. Indeed, the Communist, when compelled to state his argument, is usually so surprised that anyone should fail to accept it that he at once accuses his audience of being rogues or fools. This gives to much would-be Communist propaganda a truculence and impatience which destroys its effect. In theory, the Communist admits that the fight between the capitalists and the proletariat will be won by the side which can win over the intermediate classes; in practice, he usually shows little skill in the arts of persuasion: he relies upon the pressure of circumstances to drive his necessary allies to his side.

Mr. Fox is more far-seeing: he seldom lapses into irritation and abuse; he defines Communism and states the case for it in a way which will be acceptable to all Communists and intelligible to many non-Communists, and he is too honest a writer to achieve the complete self-consistency and complacency which his terminology offers. He is willing to mention awkward facts which do not fit easily into his analysis, and to face some of the peculiar difficulties of establishing Socialism in Great Britain. Thus he recognises that the interests of the British working class have in the past been bound up with those of the bourgeoisie, and that, our true proletariat being in India and the exploited countries, the proletarian label does not exactly fit the working class of this country. He recognises, too, that the crisis of capitalism "does not mean that capitalism is thereby automatically doomed to disappear" (page 39): he sees that various forms of Fascism, disguised as a defence of bourgeois liberty and individualism, are politically possible even though they may not, in the long run, produce a stable economy. In discussing the possibility of a Communist Britain he says a little (it is a pity that he does not say more) about the problems of trade with a world no longer indebted to this country for "interest" and "services." He accounts for the failure of Socialist movements in Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain by blaming the Social Democratic movements. No party but a revolutionary party, he says, can succeed; and the tendency of the working class to be duped by "reformist" leaders he ascribes to the machinations of the capitalists.

This analysis is typical of the Communist method, which is primarily statistical, being concerned not with the conscious motives of individuals, but with mass-motives, not necessarily fully conscious in the mind of any individual at all. If such an analysis is to be useful, it must not only be valid scholastically, enabling us to account for the events of the past, but it must also be true scientifically, enabling us to make accurate forecasts, and dogmatically enabling its users to turn history in their own chosen direction. The main difficulties of the theory are practical: it minimises the role of the leader, yet blames bad leadership for the failures of the Socialist movement (pages 117, 137). It suggests no new Communist strategy to avoid a repetition of the debacle of Vienna; it does not account for the great hold of capitalism over the individual in a way which will make it possible to lessen that hold. The argument of the supporter of capitalism and imperialism is, briefly, that fear of the stranger and desire to get rich at his expense are ingrained in our nature, and that any stable political or economic scheme must be based upon these characteristics. There is sufficient truth in this individualistic argument to justify us in saying, in certain circumstances, that if we are to replace capitalism we must first replace the morality based on greed and "self-help" by one which emphasises the value of co-operation; but there is also a great deal of truth in the Communist argument that a morality is changed only by changes in the economic system. The danger is that each of these two truths, valid in its own field, may be applied out of that field, and that the gradual efforts of the moral reformers may be nullified by a sense of futility derived from the Communist argument, while the revolutionary efforts of the economic reformers are stultified by their failure to recognise that an economic system cannot be altered unless the change corresponds fairly closely to a change in the practical morality of the people who are to work it. The conditions for a successful revolution exist when the petty bourgeoisie, as well as the working class, repudiates the morality of the existing order, and such conditions can only occur when, as in Russia, capitalism creates a class of discontented, inadequately rewarded intellectuals, or when Communist propaganda becomes effectively persuasive. In spite of occasional lapses, Mr. Fox is advancing in that direction.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

The East is not so far

Some malignant diseases are peculiar to the East, some to the West; and some of them the whole of mankind has the felicity of sharing. In the latter category are syphilis and capitalism, for as the former rots the individual, the latter rots whole communities at a time. Capitalism in its tertiary stage is known to us by another name. We call it Fascism. It is a disease which we are all more or less inclined to think of as peculiar to white peoples, mainly because all the case books that have been published have dealt with either Europe or the Americas.

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The case book in question is called *Militarism and Fascism in Japan*, its price is eight shillings and sixpence. The diagnosticians (if that is the correct word) are two notable orientalists, whose names are probably unfamiliar to you, but of whose integrity and scholarship you will not, after reading the book, have any doubts. They are called Tanin and Yohan.

We might add that a knowledge of the conditions in which Fascism has bred is not necessary for an understanding of this work: it traces the history of the patient from childhood.

The Far East is far no longer: Europe's gift to Japan of capitalism has brought the problems of those unhappy people to your doorstep. You may not enjoy studying them any more than you would enjoy studying specimens in a medical museum, but you are the student learning how to cure. Booksellers will be glad to dispose of their stock.

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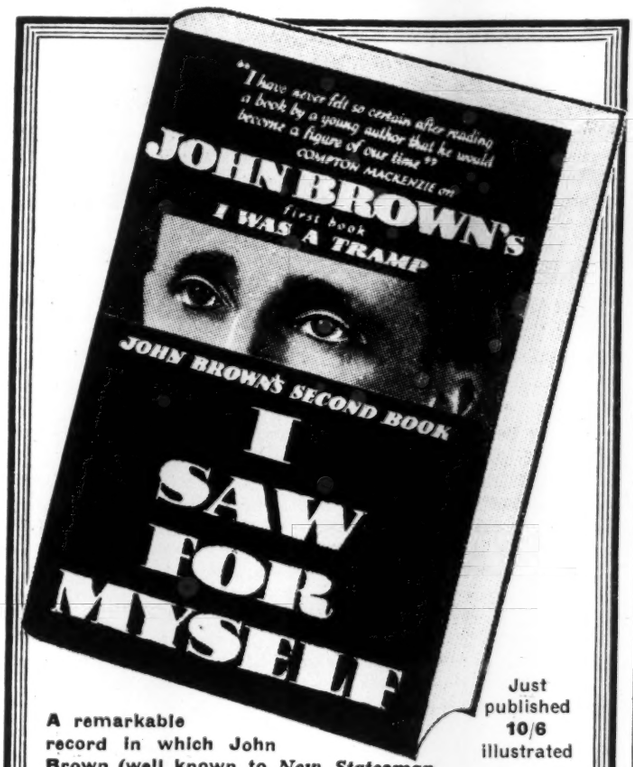
Poetry is so much less in demand than novels that the reader can assume considerable merit in verse which gets reviewed at all; not much can be said about it without prolonged quotation and probably unnecessary exegesis; to trace "influences" is fairly fatuous; and the poet is perhaps of all artists the least helped by advice, so the large part of criticism which amounts to covert advice is more impertinent than usual. But as well as saying that Barker's verse is worth reading one can say roughly what it is "about."

Though up-to-date in ideas and technique it has no machines or politics (there is a surprise when "political meetings" are classed with parties as the obvious places to meet people). Compared with poetry on such themes, indeed, it is egotistic, but all thoughtful egotists come to disbelieve in the individual. The event, not the person, is alone and unique and includes the universe in itself, and hence the eternal values must be expected to appear in flashes, between contradictions, and at random. The traditional "spirit-flesh" antithesis makes a fine reappearance with the spirit as brief and subject to as many corruptions as the flesh, and fully parallel to it. It is masterful and by no means imitative poetry, but it seems moving though with unusual energy through a familiar and narrow field, and the themes are not such as to give much staying power. The plainest tricks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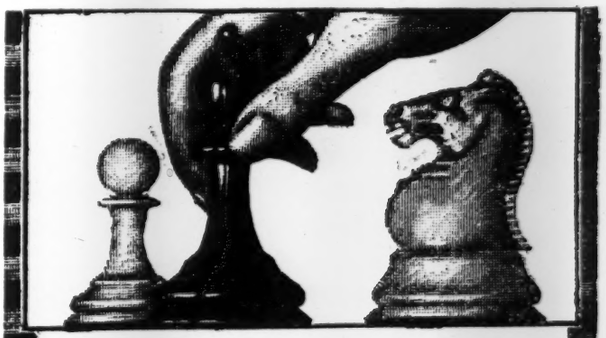

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(not made too much of) are the use of false rhymes for an effect of toughness, and a rapt repetition of words and assonances for lyrical effects which seems hypnotic and withdrawn. He sometimes throws the language about, inattentively thrashing it into large words as with his tail, and some of the points (certainly not all) lose by not being put more neatly. For instance, the idea at the end of *Narcissus I* is surely that he could *only* see to drive, through the dazzled windscreen, within the shadow of his own head; this fine metaphysical illustration has largely to be guessed from:

> The reproduction on, the reality through
> I now no longer wander wondering who.

Indeed, the energy often seems wilfully slackened in the last line of a poem.

Poets in these days come to the end of their inspiration, or at least firmly stop writing, more commonly than they used to do, and one looks for an assurance that Barker will go on. The last poem of the book, one of the best and most sustained, itself raises the question. After the poet has achieved his purpose:

> That height for which is strained, poising between
> World and the broad divine, now multiplies
> And, like an image under moving water
> Moves and shows many. At this the energies
> Of the slick man disperse from their mean
> Like flies dart all ways after. Later
> Also like flies, lie buried in his blue meat.

If sincerity in poetry is to write only when you must the thing becomes in a sense clinical, and once it has done its work of healing neurosis the poet will stop out of mere honesty. However hard to shake off in feeling this is clearly a misleading aesthetic even within its own limits; due partly to taking poetry too seriously and partly to feeling too sure that it has no public. Must the poet then

> Loosen to lesser endeavour the limbs of daring
> After so arduous a defeating of
> My youth's mad ghoul?

The answer in theory is misleadingly simple—"only if you stick to this clinical view of poetry." (And if madness is the essential, Heaven knows, the cured poet has only to look at his neighbours.) But the Zeitgeist now holding English poetry for all but a few writers within a narrow field seems curiously strong.

One had best keep on the dustcover, which is lively and sensible; the cover itself is rather Georgian. Also this will preserve the blurb, surely by Mr. Eliot, which says that the book is published for people "who have wanted to see more of George Barker's work, so that they might make up their minds about him. This volume gives them the opportunity of committing themselves to an opinion. . . ." But the truth is they may sneak a little pleasure out of it as well.

W. EMPSON

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SOCIALISM AND ROMANTICISM

Le Socialisme et le Romantisme en France. Par H. J. HUNT. *Oxford University Press.* 15s.

This book is a closely documented account of the influence of the early French Socialists on the writers of their time. The sub-title, "Étude de la Presse Socialiste de 1830 à 1848," gives us its limits in time. And the other limit, which it is well to have in mind, is that it does not set out to be either an account of the Socialist movement or an account of the Romantics, but exactly an account of the influence of the one upon the other.

It is an interesting account, curiously more interesting than at the outset appeared likely. I wonder how many people there are to-day who spend much time in reading the works of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, George Sand, Eugène Sue or even Dumas *père*. Offhand, one would say that most of them are as unread, by any but literary historians, as are the books and articles by Saint Simon, Fourier, and their disciples, by any but historians of the Socialist movement. On the other hand, Stendhal, Merimée, Gautier, Balzac, and, except for a short period in his youth, Sainte Beuve, were the writers of this age least influenced by the Socialists.

The years between 1830 and 1848 have many parallels with our own. Not only were they years of revolution, but they were years in which it was impossible for a man of any sensibility at all not to be aware that the world as he saw it was evil, that in it there was no justice between rich and poor, that there were no guarantees, nor even much hope, of continuing peace, and that the bourgeoisie, who had risen to power were harder taskmasters, and more lacking in taste, than the aristocrats who preceded them. In these circumstances it is small wonder that Socialism was born, or that its effect upon artists, writers or anyone who thought or felt at all was very great.

What is strange is the extent to which this Socialism remained a matter of feeling, not only with the Romantics, but with the professing Socialists, their masters. Sainte Beuve knew personally the men about whom he was writing, he was as sensitive as another, and he had been in at the birth of both the important movements discussed in this book. This is a note from his *cahiers* upon the Saint Simonians:

> Le Saint-Simonisme, que j'ai vu de près et par les coulisses, m'a beaucoup servi à comprendre l'origine des religions avec leurs diverses crises, et même (j'en demande bien pardon) Port-Royal et le Christianisme.

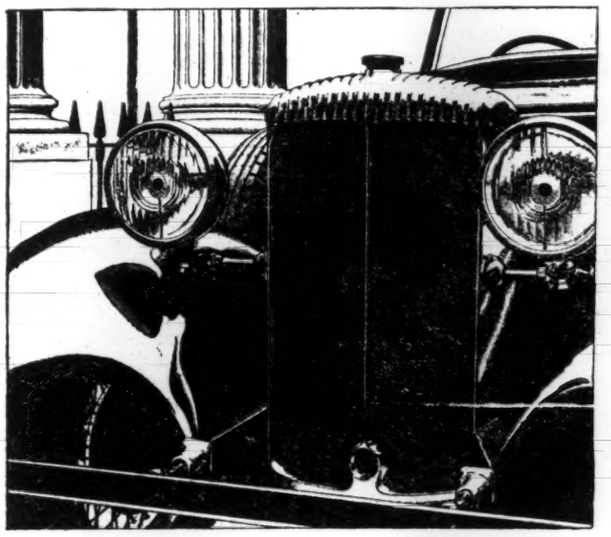
The remark is not unjust.

Saint Simon was a wealthy idealist with dreams of an ideal commonwealth, which became more and more mystical towards his end, and which in the hands of his followers after his death became a religion. Fourier, though a materialist, was no less mystical. What seems curious to us to-day is that neither of these influential men seem to have spent much time in examining the system in which they lived, or in attempting to find out what was wrong, not in the life around them, which anyone could see to be bad, but in its causes.

And if the Socialists seem to us to be men of feeling rather than of thought, what are we to say of their followers, the Romantics? I quote from Sainte Beuve again, because once again he seems to put his finger exactly on the spot:

> En général, dans cette école dont j'ai été depuis le fin de 1827 jusqu'à juillet 1830, ils n'avaient de *jugement* personne, ni Hugo, ni Vigny, ni Nodier, ni les Deschamps; je fis un peu comme eux durant ce temps; je mis mon jugement dans ma poche et me livrai à la fantaisie.

So much is clear to anyone without documentation or, indeed, with any but the most casual reading. What Mr. Hunt has done has been to examine the socialist periodicals of this period (there



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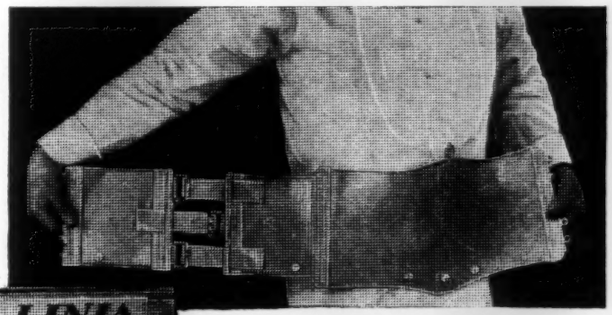

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are many of them), to trace their varying theories of aesthetics, to note their reception of current books and plays, and the extent to which they were able to draw the Romantics into partnership, and so forth. The book, as a result of this mass of detail, is a little dull in parts, but it is a solid and often sympathetic piece of work, and its fairness is always admirable.

If anyone should ask why he should waste his time in reading about the influence of some unscientific visionaries on writers who, to say the least of it, are not first rate, the answer is that out of these visionaries has developed a movement which to-day represents about our only hope for civilisation, while out of these writers has come that enormous increase in the territory of the novel which we ascribe to Flaubert and the three great Russians.

RALPH WRIGHT.

MR. MAXTON

James Maxton: The Portrait of a Rebel. By GILBERT MCALLISTER. *Murray*. 5s.

As a contribution to our personal knowledge of Mr. Maxton's career, this book has a good deal of interesting material to offer; as an interpretation, it is one more piece of evidence to prove that the biography of a politician in his own lifetime is rarely successful. For Mr. McAllister judges Mr. Maxton in terms of his own membership of the Labour Party; and the result is not very different from the kind of thing one would expect from a portrait painted at Transport House.

We learn how Mr. Maxton grew into the attractive rebel that he is; and the astonishing story of his capture of the House of Commons, his emergence into the position of one of its licensed favourites, is told with much detail not easily available elsewhere. There is an account, partial and incomplete, of his break with the Labour Party, complete after 1931; and the book ends with an interpretation of Mr. Maxton as "the conscience of the British nation to-day," a great artist in the performance of this function, but likely to go astray when "he attempts to combine his idealism with a bungling meddling in practical affairs which he does not attempt fully to understand."

This is a partial glimpse of a much more complicated truth. Mr. Maxton is a great agitator who belongs to a typical British tradition in which men like "Orator" Hunt, Daniel O'Connell, Bright and Keir Hardie are characteristic names. He knows how to arouse the consciences of men. His intuitions, the general framework of his convictions, bear upon their face the stamp of complete sincerity. He is always simple, always direct, always able to convey directly to an audience just what he has seen. Like all great agitators, his business is to arouse emotion and harness its driving power to his principles; when he has done that he has performed the function in which he displays the quality of genius. Our politics would be poor indeed without him, for there is no one in British public life who can do this difficult task with the same complete artistry.

Like all great agitators, Mr. Maxton sees most things in terms of black and white. He does not understand the responsibility of the politician who, when the moment for action comes, has to build upon the fact that prudence is of the essence of statesmanship. He does not, either, grasp the need for team-work in politics; every great agitator is inevitably compelled by the nature of his own eloquence into some of the prima donna's habits. He does not find hard work easy; or, rather, he believes that the energy spent on agitation is the same thing as hard intellectual work. He is by nature a minority-man, who is unhappy if he has to defend instead of attack. His genius is not for explanation, but for condemnation. He has to arouse passions, not to persuade into a policy.

A party like the Labour Party of to-day could hardly hope to keep Mr. Maxton within its confines. To him, the Government of 1929 must have seemed like a denial of his apostolate; and Mr. McAllister's condemnation of his opposition to it seems to me a request for Mr. Maxton to be other than he is. It is his character as an agitator, too, that explains the breakaway of the I.L.P., the kind of virtuosity he practises does not fit into the kind of discipline the Labour Party imposes. He wants to go where the mood takes him; and it will never take him either to Transport House or to Moscow so long as either of these has rules which limit his right to be the complete denunciator at any moment. There is an inescapable anarchism in Mr. Maxton, and he enjoys the sense of being unrestrained too profoundly to put on anyone's harness. His errors of judgment, his irresponsibilities, his eager desire, if at all possible, to plough a lonely furrow, are all born of an inner and half-conscious knowledge that these are the conditions of his attractive virtuosity. If he played with a team, he would be Samson without his locks; and it must be admitted that the Labour Party has not the temperament of a Delilah.

HAROLD J. LASKI

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> It is not scientific or modern-minded or anything but foolish to try to believe that any other prophylaxis of this crowd-disease is so important as raising the economic level and increasing the *commoda vitae* of the crowd.

His book is concerned firstly with the general principles of his subject, with experimental epidemiology, artificial immunisation and the procotarctic or predisposing causes of epidemics; and secondly with particular diseases. Often dealing with most controversial subjects, he remains admirably judicious: his account of Jenner, intellectually feeble if not dishonest, yet a great benefactor of humanity, is a model of sound thinking; and his conclusion about vaccination is that while it confers a substantial degree of immunity, it could probably cease to be even nominally compulsory without bad effects—a conclusion which has the merit of being offensive to fanatical partisans on either

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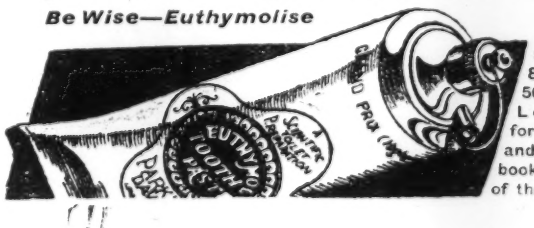

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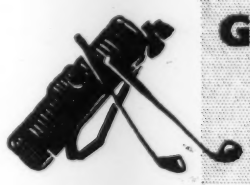

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side. Smallpox, like scarlet-fever, is a disease which has lost much of its virulence: for disease, like organisms, have their ups and downs, a fact which is certain but unexplained. And unluckily it is impossible to say that any of them is dead beyond possibility of resurrection. The chapter on Plague adds some facts to those given in Mr. Hans Zinsser's recent and fascinating publication *Rats, Lice and History*. Most of us have forgotten that there was an outbreak of this "Black Death" in Suffolk in the first year of the present reign. Another specially interesting chapter deals with influenza and the diseases which are its "setting"—cerebro-spinal fever, encaphilitis lethargica, and acute poliomelyitis. The relation between these remains mysterious, but Professor Greenwood regards the group as "the Achilles heel of our epidemiological body." The influenza epidemic of 1918–1919 he calls the most impressive epidemic since the Black Death of the fifteenth century; but in fact it seems to have impressed people very little, though it killed more people than the war. Here is one more quotation:

> I do not doubt in the least that if the psychological attitude of the crowd towards the performance of the sexual act were similar to its attitude towards eating and drinking, playing golf or driving an automobile, venereal disease would cease to have any real epidemiological importance.

Instead of which more than five per cent. and perhaps ten per cent. of Englishmen acquire syphilis, and a much larger proportion, gonorrhoea. A book, this, which is of absorbing interest in its facts, its conclusions, and its implications.

POLICEMEN ON CRIME

Crime Within the Square Mile. By EX-CHIEF INSPECTOR ERNEST NICHOLLS. *Long*. 18*s*.

Continental Crimes. By E. L. VON SONNENBERG and O. TRETTIN, translated by WINIFRED RAY. *Bles*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Policemen should not write about crime. To begin with, they do not know how to write—why indeed should they?—and, to go on with, they have an axe to grind ("It is never the fault of the police if an arrest is not made" affirms Mr. Nicholls stoutly on p. 80), their knowledge of psychology is elementary or non-existent, and they are often men of narrow outlook who take a conventional, superficial view of the stories they relate. Mr. Nicholls well illustrates these points. He writes of a mental state being "intractable" a few moments after the crime, by which he means "untraceable"; he states that psychotics and psychoneurotics "always interfere with the other sex," meaning that they commit sexual assaults before or after committing murders; and, perhaps it is superfluous to add, he calls beggars the "begging fraternity." But this inability to write straightforward prose would pass, were the reader confident that a complexion was not often being put on the crimes described. The view, for instance, taken here of the Thompson-Bywaters case is the easy, popular-press view of the scheming adulteress and the misled boy, in strong opposition to that held by careful students of the crime and by trained observers of human nature who were present at the trial. Where sex comes in, Mr. Nicholls throws off all pretence at being a scientific recorder and gives rein to the most inept reflections, as when he writes of the victim of the Moat Farm murder:

> She was one of those women who combined religious emotion and pious works . . . with a peculiar sex impulse. Her will, leaving legacies to the Home of Lost Dogs . . . is indicative of her finer nature, yet with Dougal she appears to have enjoyed a brief spell of the ecstasy of love-hunger—the lawless gratification of her passions, for which she paid with her life and her fortune.

But murders form only a small part of the crimes committed in London City. The best chapters concern the "Mr. A" case—Newton is called the crookedest man in Europe—and the case of Slater's detectives, who early in this century faked divorce evidence at huge cost to their clients.

Mr. Nicholls strikes the reader as simple; compared to the heads of the Berlin Detective Service, the authors of *Continental Crimes*, he is an intellectual sage. It is one of those collections of crimes, chiefly murders, sketchily told, printed very large, and helped out with clichés, such as that about "the mills of God." Stories which depend for their interest, as murders do, on the sober accumulation of detail, so that the *milieu* and outlook of the protagonists are revealed, do not benefit by being summarised. The reader wants to form his own opinion, which he cannot do when he knows he may be being deprived of relevant facts. That is why serious students of crime, in default of verbatim accounts of trials, read the *Times* reports and ignore the yellow press. The most interesting thing in *Continental Crimes* is the lifelike photograph of Karl Hau, hatless but gloved. Hau was a barrister condemned to death in 1906 for the murder by shooting of his mother-in-law. The best that can be said of this account of him is that it whets the appetite.

E. B. C. JONES

THE HIBERNIAN PATRIOT

The Drapier's Letters to the People of Ireland. By JONATHAN SWIFT. Edited by HERBERT DAVIS. *Oxford University Press*. 21*s*.

If Swift's name is still remembered and honoured even in the wildest parts of Ireland, it is because the "Tradesmen, Shop-Keepers, Farmers, and Common-People in General, of the Kingdom" to whose ancestors the first of the Drapier's Letters was thus superscribed, have not forgotten that he was, as his epitaph relates, "strenuus pro virili libertatis vindex"; and, more particularly, that he devoted the last twenty years or so of his life to championing the rights of the Irish people against the age-long aggressions of the English. Swift may not have realised at the time, when in the role of a humble linen-draper of Dublin he appealed to the country to boycott Wood's English halfpence, that he was sowing the seeds of future rebellion. Seeing how profoundly he despised the incorrigible stupidity and servility of the barbarians amongst whom he was exiled, it would be surprising if he had anticipated anything more than a temporary check to the greedy claims of the English. But it is no exaggeration to say that his victory in this singular and in many ways petty controversy struck the first blow for Irish home rule and independence.

It is easy to forget how much Swift did for the country he hated, and how much and how vigorously he wrote in its defence. Most people who have studied Swift at all have heard of, if they have not read, his "modest proposal" for dressing the unwanted children of the poor for the tables of the rich. Only a few, to judge by the inaccessibility of the text, have read *The Drapier's Letters* or turned over the mass of occasional pamphlets and verses relating to them. These *obiter scripta* by Swift's "under Spur-leathers" and other enthusiastic scribblers in the cause are not the kind of stuff which anyone who is not a specialist need worry his head about. The letters themselves are a different matter, and they are now available in a complete and fully annotated edition for which its editor, Mr. Herbert Davis, deserves the highest praise. If there are a few insignificant and technical details open to pedantic dispute, there is only one comment of general interest worth making, and this is that the publishers might have included an illustration of the actual coins which the "uncircumcised Philistine" William Wood proposed to palm off on the people of Ireland.

As far as one can tell, there was nothing seriously wrong with the coins themselves; they have even been praised for their design and execution; and Sir Isaac Newton returned a favourable report on the specimens submitted to him for assay at the Mint. If Swift damned them for worthless and corrupt, as so much brass fit only to be cast into a brazen bull to roast Wood in, it was because he had to appeal to the "Level and Understanding of the most illiterate of the common People," and he knew that such an appeal to be effective would have to be accompanied with hard facts sufficiently startling and terrifying, even if untrue, to rouse the average Irishman out of his normal lethargy. It was the principle that mattered, the principle that no one, least of all an "obscure Ironmonger" like Wood, had the right to buy a patent from the English Privy Council to coin small change for the Irish, who neither had asked for it nor had any very urgent need of it. Swift fought for that principle with the same pen that was being used simultaneously to complete *Gulliver's Travels*. He struck at the vile imposture with shattering force, with arguments which, for all their extravagance, were so simply and brilliantly presented as to be irresistible. To Swift, grumbling and discontented in his Deanery, the success of the five letters distributed in the heat of the conflict, the popular demonstrations in the streets, and the ultimate surrender of the patent when the only alternative would have been civil war, must have seemed a strange sequel to the days when, after the triumph of his "Conduct of the Allies," he had supposed himself to be cut out for high office in English politics. Yet there is no feeling of despair or of disappointment in these letters to the people of Ireland; that was to come later, after Stella's death, in the loneliness to which he was to be reduced

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GLOBE. Youth at the Helm. Tues., Thurs.
HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Thurs., Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Sat.
PHOENIX. "Family Affairs." Thurs., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.
ROYALTY. "Frolic Wind." Thurs., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Man of Yesterday. Tu., Fri.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Thurs. & Sat.
WESTMINSTER. Wed. & Sats.
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BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
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VERA FEARCE, WYLIE WATSON, BERTHA BELMORE.

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The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

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The University, C. G. BURTON,
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EDUCATED young man, age 28, desires post with Bachelor. Experience: Trained in Horticulture. Driving (ten years with clean licence), Travelling, General Household work. Good references. Hobbies: Music, Reading. Free for interview. Box 751, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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by physical infirmity and loss of friends. The crisis, which, by his superb and confident acting in the part of the draper, he had done so much to create, renewed and satisfied the desire that had been thwarted in London, to participate actively in affairs of State. The satisfaction he must have derived from stinging the sluggish and stupid Irish into active resistance is apparent on every page of the letters. Even now, long after the circumstances in which they were written have passed into the background of Ireland's economic history, they can still be read with excitement and indignation.

JOHN HAYWARD

LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

Lady de Rothschild and Her Daughters, 1821–1931. By LUCY COHEN. *Murray.* 12*s.*

The virtue of a scrapbook lies in the novelty and the merit of the scraps. Judged by this standard, Miss Cohen's book has few attractions for the excerptor. Neither Lady Rothschild nor Lady Battersea had the gift or the luck to make her acquaintance appear at their most characteristic. Now and then there is a sparkle of reality, as when Mr. Gladstone opines (in 1879) that "there is too small a distinction made between noblemen's sons and commoners at the Universities: the Universities are a foretaste of the world, where an immense difference exists." Was he thinking, already, how he was going to fit Chamberlain and Argyll into his next Cabinet? Once, too, Mrs. Disraeli flames across the sky, all incoherence and generosity. The moralisings and self-examinings of the girls have, for a sentence at a time, a faint and faded charm, such as indeed any old diary will provide, but the happiest entry owes its humour to a juxtaposition of which the author was probably unconscious:

> Tuesday. Dined at Charlotte's. Sat next to Disraeli, who looked perfectly wretched.
>
> Thursday. Dined at the Duchess of Somerset's, having Cervini for my neighbour. The Disis were there, and Mr. Disi looked quite a different man.

And of whom was it said: "Oh dear, we want a very different "P.M.?" Of which (of them) has it not been said?

G. M. YOUNG

SHORTER NOTICES

Shell Guides to Wiltshire, Kent and Derbyshire. *Architectural Press.* 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Intelligently planned, tastefully illustrated and written with learning, this series of county guide-books deserves the immediate attention of all who explore England. It would indeed be difficult to overpraise the *Wiltshire*, edited by Mr. Robert Byron. His remarks command a confidence one can rarely give to a guide-book, and the gazetteer, for which Miss Edith Olivier is responsible, gives just the discriminating information one requires. *Kent*, edited by Lord Clonmore, is not quite so good, because it is not so well-proportioned. Undue space is given to Rochester Cathedral and the hop-pickers. But again the gazetteer is excellent. The *Derbyshire*, edited by Mr. Christopher Hobhouse, is also excellent, especially in its accounts of the great houses and the families to which they belong. Surprisingly there is no mention of the Sitwells and their home at Renishaw, for they are the most conspicuous modern *gloire* of the county. One inaccuracy should be removed in subsequent editions: Barlborough is the home not of Commander Locker-Lampson, but of his brother. Mr. John Betjeman (the general editor of the series), the publishers, and the publicity department of the Shell-Mex Company all deserve the warmest congratulations. Moreover, the reader is not exasperated by continual references to the virtues of petrol; there is only one page of advertisement. We await with impatience similar guides to the other counties.

The Great Crisis and its Political Consequences. By E. VARGA. *Modern Books.* 5*s.*

This is the orthodox Communist view of the Great Crisis, and it is just what one would expect. It is vilely written, in a lugubrious ecstacy of pessimism, backed by official bourgeois statistics (all faked, of course), and official Russian statistics (all, of course, as reliable as . . . shall we—say the Russian transport system, or had it better be the Ogpu?) As a salutary corrective to jubilation, it is worthy of the infidels' attention; as a serious study of the crisis, it is nearly, but not quite, negligible. As a Jeremiad it has its points; but then Jeremiah did this sort of thing so much better. The chapter on Soviet China is interesting, and one would like to think that it is more reliable than the rest.

Speed Space and Time. By VERNON SOMMERFIELD. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The author has succeeded in the difficult task of compressing the story of transport, in all its forms, into one interesting and readable volume. He traces the evolution of the *Queen Mary* from the Roman galley at sea, and of the Rolls-Royce from the springless cart on land. Seven chapters are devoted to the railways. Locomotives, rolling stock, signalling systems, and methods of braking are all ably described by one who is obviously both an expert and an enthusiast. The section on air transport begins with a reference to Icarus, and covers the whole gamut of flying from balloons to the latest Zeppelin, and from the pioneer machines of the Wright brothers to the winner of the Schneider trophy. With regard to future development, Mr. Sommerfield discusses with sober restraint its amazing possibilities; high-speed mono-railways, rocket aeroplanes in the stratosphere, and even inter-planetary flight. The numerous illustrations are excellent, and include woodcuts of old sailing ships and mediaeval coaches, photographs of such modern wonders as the Flying Hamburger, and instructive diagrams to elucidate technical matters. Especially striking are an anatomical reproduction of Chancery Lane tube station, and a page of eight photographs showing the evolution of the London omnibus. This book should interest all boys, most men, and some women.

Village England. By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS. *Maclehose.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Sir William opens this series of nature studies, arranged according to the calendar, with a glowing eulogy of the English village. Like most of those who despise or affect to despise the townsman, Sir William ascribes to the villager the wisdom of a seer and the morality of a saint, and even his most satisfactory praise of the village is not free from such exaggeration as that in which he assures us that the disappearance of a village he once knew in the West means more to us than the destruction of Troy meant to Asia Minor. In the book proper, however, we have the bird and beast and plant life of the countryside described with so much charm and knowledge that the most urban of us will forgive him his occasional excursion into high-falutin. The book is beautifully illustrated.

The Life and Writings of Giambattista Vico. By H. P. ADAMS. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The teachings of some prophets fall on deaf ears, because they are not couched in the current idiom of their day. This, despite the fact that he was the first of the moderns to describe and appreciate what is meant by the *zeitgeist*, was the lot that befell Vico. His great work, the *Scienza Nuova*, might have rivalled the *Esprit des Lois*, written on the same subject and published four years after Vico's death, had it only been written in Cartesian terms. But it was written in reaction against the philosophic tastes of the day, and was left respectfully unread by all but a small group of Italian thinkers. Mr. Adams's careful and excellent analysis of Vico's writings will not reverse the neglect of the past. To all but the specialist Vico will still remain obscure: the general reader will be content to sum him up as a kind of Italian Coleridge, and to realise that in the rich obscurity of his thought there lie luminous ideas which might have served as the text and inspiration of the books of lesser men. Niebuhr on Homer, Comte on sociology, Lévy-Bruhl on primitive thought, and Lord Raglan on legendary heroes can all find themselves forestalled by this Neapolitan. If Mr. Adams had been willing to draw more fully the background of the intellectual and literary world of seventeenth-century Italy, and to treat more widely Vico's bearing on European thought, his book might have been fascinating as well as scholarly.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE gramophone companies appear to have decided, most laudably, to celebrate the Jubilee with a burst of modern music. Some of this is of the right—the lasting—sort, and some, I feel, is not. The last kind is represented by four Stravinsky works, all belonging roughly to the same period of his career (*i.e.*, the immediately post-war). They are the *Marche Chinoise* and *Air du Rossignol*, played by the composer and Samuel Dushkin (piano and violin. Col. LX383), and the *Piano-Rag-Music* and *Ragtime for Eleven Instruments*, the former also played by the composer (Col. LX382). All these pieces were written at a time when the young composers of Europe, led by Stravinsky, were busy debunking romanticism and "sublimity" in music, with unfortunate results in imponderable slightness and an affected simplicity. The Stravinsky pieces are ingeniously hideous but musically quite empty. The *Piano-Rag-Music*, in especial, is a very poor joke, unredeemed even by the composer's astonishingly dry playing. Both this and the *Ragtime* now sound as comically old-fashioned as *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, but without the latter's catchy tune.

Of the right kind are Roussel's *Symphony in G minor* and Chausson's *Symphony in B flat*. I cannot sufficiently congratulate the Decca and the H.M.V. companies for their courage in producing these little-known works. The Chausson, written in 1890, is of course the more obviously acceptable to the ear, because the idiom in which it is written is easily comprehensible to anyone,

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Course of four Lectures on "THE HELLENIC-MACEDONIAN POLICY AND THE 'POLITICS' OF ARISTOTLE" will be given by PROF. HANS KELSEN (formerly Professor of Constitutional and International Law and of the Philosophy of Law in the Universities of Vienna and Cologne; now Professor of International Law in the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on MAY 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th, at 5 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. Arnold J. Toynbee, B.A., D.Litt. (Stevenson Research Professor of International History in the University).

A Course of Five Lectures on "THE FINANCIAL PROBLEMS OF WAR," will be given by DR. M. BONN (former Rector of the Handelshochschule, Berlin), at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, MAY 28th, 31st, JUNE 4th, 7th and 11th, at 5 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D., D.Lit. (Professor of Military Studies in the University).

A Course of Two Lectures on "THE THEORY OF SAVING" will be given by PROF. C. BRESCIANI-TURRONI (Professor of Economics in the Egyptian University, Cairo, and in the University of Milan) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, MAY 29th and 30th, at 5 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., D.Sc., LL.D. (Director of the London School of Economics and Political Science).

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THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, Sunday, May 19 at 11. LORD SNELL: RATIONALISM: CRITICAL AND CREATIVE. 7. MRS. CORBETT ASHBY: BROTHERHOOD THROUGH POLITICS.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, May 19th: MRS. MARY AGNES HAMILTON: "THE NOVEL AS MAKER OF THE CONTEMPORARY MIND." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

THE MASTER OF THE TEMPLE (Rev. H. Anson) at St. Edmund's, Lombard Street, Thursday, 23rd May. 1.10 p.m. "A Modern Man's Religion."

THE SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove, W.11. Monday, May 20th, 7.30 p.m. Discussion: SEX TEACHING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Admission 6d.

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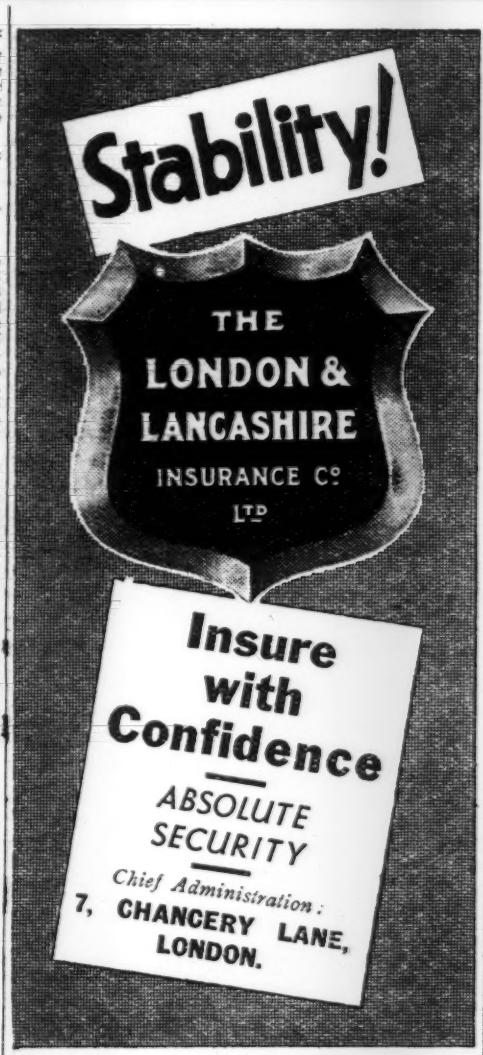

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whereas the Roussel contains angularities that may alienate the unexperienced listener at first. The Chausson, which is performed by the Conservatoire Orchestra under Piero Coppola (H.M.V. DB4953–6), combines a faintly Wagnerian atmosphere with themes which recall Liszt and César Franck, though the orchestration has a beautifully French lucidity and the material a truly original charm and individuality. In no sense a great work, it is nevertheless raised far above the level of, say, Rachmaninoff, by never being facile or giving way to opportunities for emotionalism. It is deeply serious music, the expression of a reserved and distinguished nature. The recording is excellent and the performance fine. I feel that this work should have quite a wide appeal. The Roussel, played by the Lamoureux Orchestra, under Albert Wolff (Decca, CA8199–201), is superficially very different in effect; but the strident harmonies and capricious rhythms conceal a fundamental romanticism similar to that of the Chausson symphony. Unlike the Stravinsky antics, this is not a dry work. Roussel is no neo-classic and does not scorn rhetorical devices—nostalgic solo violins and returns to themes out of former movements. The material has a firm, rather violent beauty, which recalls Hindemith at his best. Play this work through more than once before you reject it as ugly.

It was a good idea to re-record Moussorgsky's *Night on the Bare Mountain* (Colonne Symph. Orch. under Paul Paray. Col. LX384). This is a very lively, exciting piece, extremely Russian, resembling the work of Balakireff or Borodin, and of just the right length for listening to in one's bath. The recording is quite free from the usual French faults and the performance, though not ideal, is good.

The gramophone companies have made more boss-shots at the *Kreutzer Sonata* than at any other famous classic. Now, I fear, they have missed the mark again. It is not that the Menuhins (Yehudi and Hephzibah) can be accused of inaccuracy: my grievance is that their performance is far too painstaking and pedestrian. These qualities, applied to a work like the Kreutzer, are fatal; for, as Tolstoy's acute senses perceived, this is devilish music, quite unsuited to performance by the immature. I should like, before I die, to hear it played by Szigeti and Egon Petri. The present performers are at their best in the second movement, where immaturity is not quite so out of place (H.M.V. DB2409–12).

There are two good Bach records this month: Two Choral Preludes ("Beloved Jesus" and "Sanctify Us with Thy Goodness"), played by Harriet Cohen (Col. DB1533) and the organ *Dorian Toccata*, played by Alfred Sittard (Decca, PO5118). The latter in especial, a superb, rather grim work, is well worth acquiring.

That fine *Lieder* singer, Heinrich Schlusnus, contributes two songs by Hugo Wolf (Decca, DE7032), *Bitterolf* and *The Drummer*. These do not show Wolf at his loveliest or most characteristic; but they are delightful in their way, and are very well sung. So is "Asking My Anxious Heart," from Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, sung by Adele Kern (Decca, PO5119). Her tone is very pure and her high notes are really extraordinary in their truth. Little, however, can be said for Grace Moore's recording of "They Call Me Mimi" and "Mimi's Farewell," from *La Bohême* (Brunswick, GA7072). This record has obviously been made "from an actual performance," and has all the faults attendant on this method of recording. The accompaniment is far too thin and faint, and the voice, which is a good one, sounds unpleasant and edgy.

I have only received one record which is definitely associated with the Jubilee, and that is a *Cavalcade of Famous Artists* (H.M.V. DB2454–5). This hotch-potch resembles those pattern-books sent one at this time of year by one's shirt-maker, and from which it is so difficult to make a choice, owing to the smallness of the patterns. A large number of famous artists, living and dead (Melba, Paderewski, Casals, McCormack, Caruso, and so on), contribute a few bars each and are then faded out to give place to an announcer who is responsible for what in film-work is called the "continuity." The result is very clumsy and irritating. I can't imagine anybody wishing to possess this record, since it really has the minimum of souvenir value—that being, I presume, its object.

This month has produced one absolutely first-class dance record. It is a Rumba, *Maracas*, played by Ambrose and his orchestra (Decca, F5490). This is one of the most rhythmically complex dance-records I have ever heard, recalling the cadenza of Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande*. Musically, too, it is subtle and distinguished; without being in the least "high-brow," it almost qualifies as serious music. Don't miss it, whether you be listener or dancer. Otherwise, I have not received much of outstanding interest. Carl Brisson sings four songs, of which *Dancing the Viennese* and *A King can Do No Wrong* (Decca, F5495 and 5494) are the best. *The Bridal Waltz* and *Let Me Sing You to Sleep* are quite good, in a languorous way (Roy Fox and his band. Decca, F5511); and Connie Boswell, with orchestra, gives an appropriate rendering of the popular *Clouds*.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 270

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for letters from two cousins written in the following circumstances: Aunt Amelia's dividends having dwindled, it becomes a family duty to invite her to stay on a prolonged visit. Her niece and nephew, Laura and Charles, write to one another pointing this out and explaining why the other's house is the more suitable for receiving her at the moment. The letters, which cross in the post, are not more than 250 words each in length.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 24th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 268

Set by Gerald Barry

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best set of rhymed verses in not more than ten lines designed to accompany the drawing by Low on the cover of this issue.

Report by Gerald Barry

I purposely framed this competition in wide terms to give scope for variety of treatment. The results are sadly disappointing. Low's invention seems to have atrophied invention in others. The majority have been content to eke out a mere list of names with laboured rhymes. Hardly anything attempting good criticism has been sent in and there is no real approach to epigram (I said "not *more* than ten lines, hoping that someone would have a shot at summing things up in four). All sorts of Christian names—three to be precise—were given to the Suffragette, Christabel, Sylvia, Emmeline. After consultation with Low I am allowing either the first or third. Are memories so short and have readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION no books of reference? Of an uninspired bunch, Little Billee's seems to me to have the happiest touch, more nearly in keeping than the rest with the spirit of the drawing (a suggestion of Struwwelpeter). Guy Innes deserves second prize for an effort which supplies Low's pageant with an epilogue. Allan M. Laing, Patrick Macgregor, T. E. Casson, H. C. Riddell, L. V. Upward, Richard Hope get honourable mention—in that order.

FIRST PRIZE

See how they played, dear little men,
With pretty toys, in Nineteen-ten:
Rud a bugle, Bobs a horse,
John a box of paints, of course,
H.G. a pen and Alf a press,
Bernard, a tumbler's beard and dress,
Lan, a spade to dig a ditch,
David, a wizard's magic switch,
Will, General's cap; Herb, actor's socks,
And little Em, a ballot-box!

"LITTLE BILLEE"

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GUERNSEY, Grande Mare, Vazon Bay. Visitors accommodated in old converted farmhouse facing beach. MRS. CLARKE.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

LEISURELY TOURS. Danube and Rhine, Vienna, Passau, Linz, Nuremburg, Munich, Bingen, 15 days, 17 gns. Ramble, Austrian/Italian Tyrol, Bav. Alps, steamer down Rhine, 16 days, 15 gns. No extras. Good hotels. Book early. Number limited. WISEMAN, 19 St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.3.

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Ideal for walking and bathing. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Weekly inclusive terms, £3. MRS. BARRETT, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

RESTFUL, quiet accommodation among apple blossom, orchards, old world village. Constant hot water. Efficient catering. Mrs. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden, Kent. 'Phone 46.

"TANKARDS," Wonersh, Guildford, Surrey. Delightful sixteenth-century Guest House, with "The Loom and Teapot" tearooms and garden. 31 miles from London.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

JOHN FOTHERGILL invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the THREE SWANS, Market Harboro'. Now delightful.

GLORIOUS WEST CORNWALL FOR ECONOMICAL HOLIDAYS or RESIDENCE. Very comfortable furnished cottages to let for long or short periods. Magnificent sea outlook. Cliffs, coves, bathing, climbing and moorland walks for the energetic—rest and quiet for the weary. Easy access Penzance and near village for all supplies. No August dates left. For details, photos and terms, write giving dates to MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

BEACON Hill School, Boyles Court, South Weald, Essex, will be open for summer visitors from mid-July to mid-September. Very pleasant country accommodation for those with short holidays. For terms write Principal.

WYE VALLEY Guest House and Craft Centre. Vegetarian Diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Chepstow, Mon.

SOUTH CORNWALL. Guests received charming cottage home, ten minutes sea. Every comfort. Car available. Mild climate, unspoiled neighbourhood. HALL, Gorran Haven.

CAPEL CURIG, Towers Guest House, grounds 70 acres. Conducted excursions (optional), evening entertainments, liberal table, hard tennis court, free trout fishing. Terms, 60s. (season). Seaside centre at Borth-y-Gest. Prog. Free. Tel.: 26. N. S. KERR.

COME to unspoilt Surrey and stay at "Pilgrims," Gomshall, the Guest House of character. Lovely garden. Perfect hard tennis court. Own produce.

AT ONICH, in the West Highlands, 10 miles from Fort William, there is a small and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

SEA AND DOWNS. Secluded and unusually attractive house to let furnished, eight miles from Worthing and the sea, one very large reception room, well-equipped nursery, five other rooms, indoor sanitation, bath, electric light and power, garage, four acres, three to four guineas for immediate let. J. R. ARMSTRONG, Heath Common, Storrington, Sussex.

CORNWALL.—Board Residence, with modern conveniences, delightful country near sea and woods. Very special terms May–June. Menhinick, Belmont, Mawgan, St. Columb Minor.

BRONTË-LAND, near Moors and Parsonage Museum. Homely, moderate. MRS. WILLMORE, Sowdens, Haworth, Keighley.

SUSSEX. Old farmhouse, modernised. Lovely unspoilt country. Good food. Quiet. Telephone: Pulborough 90. Descriptive folder, Mims, Pythingdean, Pulborough.

REST and RECUPERATE amidst beautiful GERMAN WOODLANDS. Charming, comfortable house. (If desired, special treatments, diets, medical baths, successful doctor.) Very moderate charges. References. OBERIN LUTTERLOH, Sanatorium, Bad Helmstedt, Braunschweig.

RIVIERA.—Small comfortably furnished flat facing south and overlooking the sea, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom, £9 per month, 3 months £24 Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

CORSICA this year? Pension Beau Sejour, Ajaccio is quiet, moderate, has heavenly views. Write MLLE. FOIS.

SWITZERLAND, WILDERSWIL (Interlaken) Park Hotel and Pension des Alpes. Homelike Family Hotel, with every modern convenience. Garage. Splendid view of Jungfrau, etc. Centre for Walks and Daily Excursions. Special terms for 1935. MMES. E. & M. LUTHI, Props.

AUSTRIA for your holidays. Ideal centre on Salzkammergut-Lake, three hours from Salzburg. Bathing, Tennis, Fishing, Mountaineering. Music and evening entertainments. Apply STEELICK, Grundlsee, Styria, Austria.

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WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (1912) Palace Gate, W.8.

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BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE, 27 Eastcastle St. London W.1.

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GRACE IN TOWN SURROUNDINGS
WHY have to choose between the dust, noise and congestion of London and the isolation of a country cottage? Welwyn shows that beauty and grace are quite compatible with those urban services, amusements and cultural life that intelligent people must have. A charming house, with a good garden, 30 minutes from King's Cross, costs from £410, £540, £675 upwards, or there are others on rental from £50 p.a. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn. Herts.

HALF-AN-HOUR KING'S CROSS: Half minute woods and meadows; charming new family house, 4 bedrooms and attic, two recep., kitchen, scullery, two W.C.'s, large garage, gas and electricity: only £1,100. Welwyn Garden. Box 741, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD. Modern divan room, hot and cold, central heating, every convenience, meals optional. 109 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

WELWYN GARDEN CITY. Labour saving house, Near station and woods. Four bedrooms, three lavatory basins. Central heating. Medium garden with fruit trees. £1,000 for quick sale.—19, Brockswood Lane.

FOR disposal. International Guest Centre. Lovely country house. Lease. Reasonable offer. Tennis. River near. Beautiful surroundings. Change September. Box 747, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Small attractive 2-roomed flat, furnd., 30s. 15 Heathcote St., Mecklenburg Square.

AT LAST
MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. Mus. 5856 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

WRITER wants to buy a quiet and cheap but civilised cottage. Box 754, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD. BEST ADDRESS. VERY QUIET. Well-fitted spacious unfurnished flat. Ideal for two. One very large room, modern gas fire, and dressing room with fitted basin. Large separate kitchenette, plenty of storage space. Built-in cupboards. 2 entrances on to nice garden. Telephone. Freshly decorated. 2 minutes shops, buses, Metro., etc. Convenient Baker Street, City. 32s. 6d., including electric light, 5 points. Also other very charming flats at varying prices. All modern conveniences. View any time by appointment. Ring Primrose 0547, or evenings, including Sundays, 5—7 o'clock. 54 Belsize Park, Hampstead, N.W.3.

HOUSE TO LET, unfurnished, nr. Queen's Club, London. Tubes, Baron's Court and West Kensington. 4 bed. 2 rec. Kit. Scul. Bath. 2 W.C.'s. Excellent storage and cupboards. 'Phone. Small gdn. Inclusive rent £115. Vac. June 30th. Stamp particulars. Box 752, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

OXFORD CIRCUS (2 minutes' walk), comfortable bed-sitting-room for lady; 25s. only. 46 Devonshire Street, W.1.

TO let, furnished, Lake District: (*a*) cottage (5 beds), in beautiful position near the Hard Knott pass in Eskdale; (*b*) small farmhouse (5 beds), at head of Hawes-water in Mardale—Especially reasonable terms for 4 or more weeks. May–September. SYMONDS, Bird How, Boot.

FURNISHED room or service flat required end May. Battersea or Chelsea. Meals optional. Box 756, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LONDON IN JUNE. Attractive modern flat, Bloomsbury, to let furnished whole of June; suitable one or two persons; 2 guineas weekly. Box 755, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PRIVATE house, 40 miles from London. Paying guest taken. Tennis, golf and politics. Apply Box 753, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EASTBOURNE. Gentlepeople would let 1 or 2 bed-sitting-rooms, excellent beds. Breakfast only, 25s. 7 minutes sea. Devonshire Park, 3/21 Hyde Gardens.

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DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., 5 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4.)

TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING, TRANSLATIONS, REPORTING, AUTHORS' MSS. at moderate charges. THE PARLIAMENTARY & GENERAL BUREAU LIMITED (Est. 1911), 48 49 Queen Anne's Chambers, Tothill Street, S.W.1.

TYPEWRITING, promptly and accurately done Moderate charges. GRACE PRUDDAH, 13 East Way, Shirley, Croydon.

Now there survive a meagre five,
Of God's Great Englishmen,
Time proves the spell of CHRISTABEL
Was as the strength of ten :

The tumult and the shouting died of this brave silhouette
To leave JOAN BULL, with vote supplied, smoking her cigarette.

GUY INNES

HIGHLY COMMENDED

These high old times have changed, of course ;
But were they all that people said ?
Northcliffe was strong, perhaps, but coarse ;
Shaw, brilliant scarlet, but not read.
By force they fed their Pankhursts, then :
Booth was a "general"—but in quotes !
And war seemed quite a Good Thing when
Cheap Kipling stuck in fewer throats.
High times ? Indeed, if they were so,
We're better off to-day with Low.

ALLAN M. LAING

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 125.—CIGARS

I

"See my cigar bill ?" said Pougham as we were leaving the Hotel. "A fiver in twelve days for cigars."

"You must have given a lot away."

"I did. I bought, each day after the first, one more cigar than I'd bought the day before. Here's one day's account, for instance. A Stinkadoro for every member of the cricket club ; also one cigar for the bandmaster, and a couple for myself."

"You're an extravagant fellow," I said. "Spending more in cigars every day."

"I didn't spend more every day," answered Pougham, looking pained. "I spent the same every day."

II

EXTRACT FROM THE HOTEL PRICE LIST.

CIGARS

Bolonies	1s.	0d.
Fumigatos		7d.
Stinkadoros		3d.

How many Bolonies did Pougham buy on the day of his arrival ?

PROBLEM 124.—JOHN CITIZEN (SECOND PROBLEM)

The last sentence of this problem was incomplete. It should have read :

"Darling Amelia takes the booby prize. *She has—doubtless inadvertently—got one right.*"

Solvers who have already submitted an answer need not send another. The problem as it stands is a perfectly valid one. But it is more interesting in the form set out above.

PROBLEM 123.—BLACK HAND

Brown's Code number is 72.

This is obtained by adding up the numbers corresponding to the letters of his name :

B	R	O	W	N	
2	18	15	23	14	= 72

On this basis DODSON = 71
SMITH = 69
TODGER = 69

Some solvers have carried the argument a stage farther ; BROWN is 9, they say (7 + 2) ; DODSON 8, and so on. This alternative is accepted.

"So easy I can't believe it's right," says one solver. Dear me ! Several hundred new solvers have "joined up" in the last few months ; it wouldn't do to frighten them away.

PROBLEM 122.—BODGERS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : Professor Dr. H. Hasse, Mathematisches Institut der Universität, Göttingen, den Bunsenstrasse 3/5, Germany.

Incidentally, I am indebted to Dr. Hasse for a most interesting criticism (from the point of view of pure logic) of the wording of the problem.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

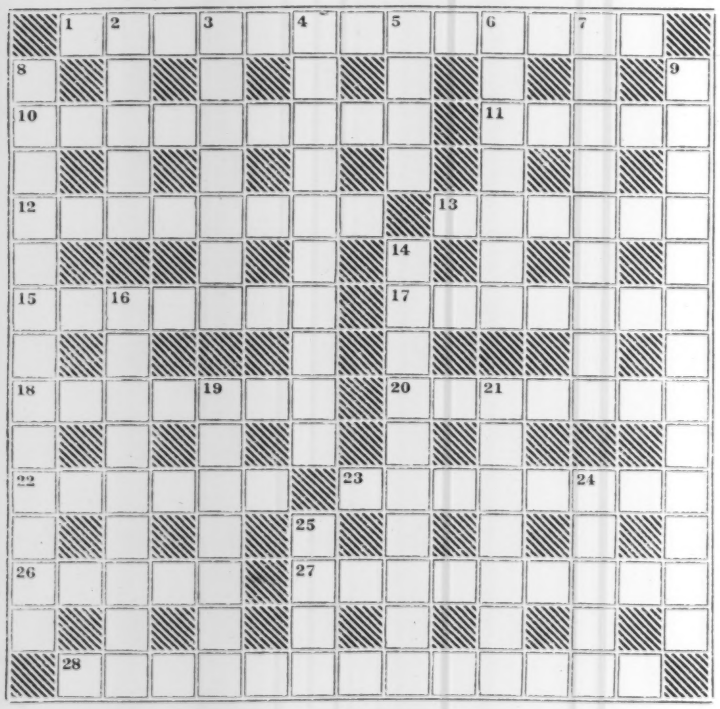
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 271

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Bayne, 43, Upper Berkeley St., W.1

ACROSS

1. Reverse of public worship in days of religious intolerance.
10. Dishonest place to find the coin in Up Jenkins.
11. A degree of drink seems to be necessary for such a dance.
12. How the earth showed its fear of convulsions.
13. Reverse of silenced.
15. One who has had a bid.
17. Plant to baffle the grinding machine.
18. A rum sort of pulpit.
20. Turkish consumer ?
22. Disability that seems to freeze the extremities.
23. Deserted in Africa.
26. She comes back, presumably to get married.
27. Not usually a Dresden piece.
28. An unsightly game.

DOWN

2. Invest in part of a forgotten duet.
3. Scarce piece common to the Welsh.
4. Conditions to be expected at a commercial school.
5. They won't meet when overdrawn.
6. Gold for Silver Jubilee decorations.
7. Goes under those who go under canvas.
8. Playlet like a piece of cord ?
9. Modern girls will be boys.
14. A home from home is its object.
16. Give tails in rudimentary form.
19. Do the stony-hearted give it to their children for bread ?
21. Born to be fleeced next year.
24. As stand-offish as a fool on return.
25. A dirty affair outside the scrimmage.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	O	C	K	A	T	R	I	C	E	■	I	V	E	S
O	■	U	■	I	■	A	■	O	■	■	■	I	■	P
W	A	T	E	R	T	I	G	H	T	■	A	S	C	E
S	■	G	■	S	■	S	■	E	■	S	■	I	■	A
H	O	L	L	■	L	E	S	S	O	N	B	O	O	K
E	■	A	■	B	■	D	■	I	■	O	■	N	■	S
D	U	S	T	E	R	■	A	V	O	W	S	■	■	■
S	■	S	■	D	■	V	■	E	■	I	■	G	■	P
■	■	■	S	T	A	I	N	■	A	N	G	O	R	A
A	■	F	■	I	■	C	■	S	■	G	■	L	■	R
B	R	O	O	M	S	T	I	C	K	■	I	D	E	A
O	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	B	■	L	■	B
A	N	D	S	■	O	R	A	N	G	E	P	E	E	L
R	■	E	■	■	■	I	■	C	■	E	■	A	■	E
D	E	D	N	■	M	A	K	E	S	H	I	F	T	S

Company Meeting

BRITISH MATCH CORPORATION

WORLD WIDE INTERESTS

THE Eighth Ordinary General Meeting of the British Match Corporation, Ltd., was held on Wednesday at River Plate House, London, E.C.

Mr. Clarence E. Bartholomew, O.B.E. (chairman and managing director), said that the directors proposed, whenever financial and trade conditions permitted, to make reserves in the Corporation's accounts, rather than to amass unduly large reserves in subsidiary companies, although they felt that every subsidiary company should, so far as possible, be sufficiently well established to stand on its own feet.

On the assets side of the balance sheet they had still an important figure of goodwill, trading rights, etc., which they proposed to reduce by writing off £60,000 this year. Valuable as they believed that asset to be, it was of an intangible nature, and they hoped that a continuance of steady business might enable them gradually to eliminate it from their accounts by yearly allocations from profits.

RETURN FROM SUBSIDIARIES

The only other figures in the balance sheet which called for special comment were the additions to their investments. The greater part of those additions was in British Government Securities—all fixed dated—and resulted from the bonus dividend from Bryant and May, Ltd. The gross return from their shareholdings in subsidiary companies amounted in the year under review to 9.4 per cent., which represented a slight increase on last year. A very large proportion of Bryant and May's profits came from many investments in the industry overseas, including, of course, British Dominions, as a result of the policy adopted some 30 years ago of carrying their flag to those countries which began to protect their industries, and to impose heavy import duties, with that policy in view. He was not concerned at that moment to discuss the political or economic desirability of such measures, but Bryant and May were among the first of British manufacturers to establish themselves in overseas lands, and to take with them ideals with regard to the conditions of labour in their industry which have been an example to other manufacturers, and have contributed to the solution of industrial problems in those protected countries.

DIVIDEND POLICY

It had been Bryant and May's practice for many years to declare a small interim dividend on its ordinary shares in November. If they should in this year declare a larger interim dividend—say, 10 per cent., instead of 6 per cent.—next November, it must not be taken as an indication of an increase in the total dividend for the year. He hoped that a continuance of good business might enable Bryant and May to repeat their total dividend next year, but he did not want shareholders to draw any false conclusions from an increase in the interim dividend. Such an increase would only mean a somewhat earlier transfer of some of its earned profits to this corporation.

The directors had under consideration the desirability of paying the dividends on the ordinary shares of the Corporation in the future, less income tax, instead of free of income tax. If that change was made it would operate from the date of the interim dividend which they hope to be in a position to declare next November. He would, however, again warn shareholders that a slight increase in the interim dividend must not be assumed to indicate a larger distribution for the year. At this time last year he had told shareholders of their anxieties with regard to their Brazilian interests. Those anxieties continued, but they had been alleviated to some extent by the repayment of substantial sums from their advances, and by a slight improvement in local trading conditions. The continuing decline in the Brazilian exchange was a source of uneasiness, but they had not lost confidence in that naturally very rich country.

Their subsidiary and associated concerns were all based on steady and continuous business, on the creation of lasting goodwill, and on faithful and efficient service, and he would like to make full and grateful acknowledgment of the energy and loyal devotion of all their colleagues and helpers in this Kingdom and in the Dominions and in foreign lands.

The report was unanimously adopted.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHY NOT KEEP UP YOUR LANGUAGES? French, German, Spanish, conversation tables—led by expert teacher—held every Friday, 8–10. Single classes, 2s. The term, 21s. 326 King's Road, S.W.3.

BACHELOR (29), wishes to meet another with view to arranging tramping or cycling holiday, at home or abroad. Write Box 757, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AN EXQUISITE CHINA TEA.—"Oonfa" China Tea is unique for its delicious flavour and aroma; 1lb. parcel for 10s. Postage free. 1lb. sample postage free, 2s. 6d.—LI LING SOO AND CO., LTD. (Dept. T.), Mandarin House, London, N.8.

UNITARIAN Publications Free.—"A Common-sense view of the Bible." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD is the famous EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD in thick fingers. It has had an instant popularity.
Per tin by inland post 3s.
Foreign postages on request.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh 2.

AUTO-INTOXICATION! Acidity, Dyspepsia, CONSTIPATION, Arthritis, RHEUMATISM, COLITIS, and all Stomachic complaints. Inquire re Professor Metchnikoff's food, New Research Company, Dept. 9, Normandy, Guildford.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed, from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

PURE CHINA TEA.
THE original TEMPLE GATEWAY KEEMUN direct from China in 5lb. miniature Chinese chests, canister lined, 15s. each, cash with order or sent C.O.D. from Dept. T., ROWLAND STIMSON & Co. (estd. 1885), Stimson House, 28 Tower Hill, E.C.3.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD, No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

1910 – 1935 SILVER JUBILEE

HOW ARE YOU COMMEMORATING?

There can be few better ways of commemorating Their Majesties Jubilee than by making a thanksgiving offering to some deserving cause. The Church Army takes pleasure in announcing that its Jubilee Fund will help to provide:

A NEW HOME FOR HOMELESS MEN —A NEW CLUB FOR GIRLS—GRANTS FOR WORK IN POOR PARISHES— AND OTHER NEEDS.

Your "Jubilee Fund" gift will be welcomed by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

THE CHURCH ARMY
JUBILEE FUND

COMING SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTS

May 25

Insurance

This annual supplement provides material readable to the layman and useful to those professionally interested.

June 1

Literary

This is one of the regular Books Supplements of the paper, dealing with Mid-Spring New Books.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE RETURN TO PROSPERITY—THE DOLLAR AND STABILISATION—BOOM IN AIRCRAFT SHARES—SHELL DIVIDEND

Is it King George who has restored the domestic trade recovery or just Mr. Montagu Norman? At the beginning of the year there was some evidence that business men were "going slow" and "de-stocking"—judged by the decline in bank clearings and imports. I confess that I read these signs bearishly because at the same time investors appeared to be losing confidence. All security prices were then reacting and it was evident that political risks at home and abroad were increasing. But in April sentiment completely changed and in May, with the Jubilee flags flying in the streets, we appear to have returned to better trade and to have recovered our self-confidence. The security price indices tell the tale more plainly:—

INDICES OF THE "INVESTORS CHRONICLE"
(Dec. 31, 1923=100)

	Dec. 31.	Jan. 28.	Feb. 27.	Mar. 29.	April 29.
British Funds ..	134.5	134.5	131.4	128.7	131.9
Industrial Fixed Interest	124.0	126.1	123.8	118.7	122.5
Industrial "Equity Shares" ..	119.8	123.0	117.3	113.2	118.0

The average yield on British industrial ordinary shares, according to the Actuaries Investment index, rose from 3.67 per cent. at the end of December to 4.06 per cent. on April 9th, indicating a substantial set-back in prices. The average yield is now back to about 3.90 per cent. No doubt the national jubilation has helped to restore confidence, but I cannot help thinking that the Treasury and the Bank of England have been calling the tune. Mr. Chamberlain in his Budget speech reiterated his cheap money policy and Mr. Montagu Norman, voluntarily or by request, has put it into practice. The next table will show that the investments of the London clearing banks moved up to a new high record in April:—

LONDON CLEARING BANKS AVERAGE WEEKLY BALANCES IN £ MILLIONS.

	Current Deposits and Other Accounts.	Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England.		Money at Call and Short Notice.		Bills Discounted.		Advances.		Investments.	
			%		%		%		%		%
1934 average	1880	212	11.3	134	7.1	230	12.2	753	40.0	560	29.8
Jan., 1935 ...	1982	225	11.3	137	6.9	284	14.3	753	38.0	593	29.9
Feb., 1935...	1954	213	10.9	127	6.5	265	13.6	756	38.7	606	31.0
Mar., 1935	1923	214	11.1	133	6.9	207	10.8	767	39.9	614	31.9
Apr., 1935...	1940	217	11.2	139	7.2	199	10.3	778	40.1	618	31.9

NOTE.—Each asset is shown as a percentage of current, deposit and other accounts.

It is possible that the joint stock banks purposely increased investments this year to offset the "go-slow" policy of business men and investors which the temporary loss of confidence was inducing. If so, it has been, by the grace of God and the Jubilee, brilliantly successful. But the combined ratio of advances and investments (now 72 per cent.) is above the normal which conventional banking practice allows. The next move lies with Mr. Montagu Norman—to enlarge the basis of bank cash so that advances may further increase without necessitating a sale of investments.

* * *

The biggest laugh of the week was provided by Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary to the American Treasury. Mr. Morgenthau, in a broadcast from Washington, said that America would present no obstacle to international currency stabilisation, but he added, "Before we make any commitments we must be sure that we will not lose what we have just regained. . . . We re-valued our currency no more than was necessary and we can go either way. Our hands are not tied." Apparently Mr. Morgenthau still believes that if America gained an advantage in international trade by means of an undervalued dollar she can retain it "for ever after" other nations have similarly devalued. It is interesting to know that Washington will no longer sabotage world economic conferences, but Mr. Morgenthau's statement that America is ready to stabilise is humbug. America cannot think of stabilising before her 1936 elections: nor can Great Britain before her general election. Political considerations prevent it. And as a final stabilisation of the dollar would encourage such a rush of capital from Europe to America as to endanger European currencies and upset international trade, we do not want America to think of stabilising on her own.

I owe an apology to the de Havilland Aircraft Company. On May 4th I included their shares among the "equities in death." A correspondent writes: "In marked contrast to Fairey or Hawker de Havilland's are almost exclusively manufacturers of civil aircraft. The success of this firm in the civil field is possibly attributable to the fact that they are able to prepare their designs without having one eye fixed on Air Force specifications. Civil aviation in this country owes a debt to the company which pioneered in light civil aircraft with the Moth series of planes, and which produced the Dragon, the first air liner capable of being operated without a subsidy. Practically the only de Havilland planes used by H.M. Forces are some modified Moths used for training purposes. I have no interest in the de Havilland company except a certain admiration for an aircraft firm which is able to flourish without relying on War Office orders." On making further inquiries I find that my correspondent is substantially correct. The bulk of the Air Ministry orders go to Hawker Aircraft and Gloster Aircraft (in which Hawker's have a controlling interest) for the fighting machines, and to Handley Page for the bombing machines. Hawker and Gloster fit Rolls-Royce or Bristol engines, Rolls-Royce specialising in the water-cooled and Bristol in the air-cooled engines. Apparently, the Bristol air-cooled engine, developing 1,000 h.p., is unrivalled for the fast fighting machine, but, unfortunately for the speculator without a conscience, the Bristol company is, for the time being, a private concern. Fairey Aviation and Napier do not appear to be in the picture as far as present orders are concerned. A company which benefits from military aircraft orders but at the same time has a motor business as firmly established as Rolls-Royce, is S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories), Ltd. This company makes speedometers and aircraft instruments and is developing a sideline in electric clocks. The military aircraft side of its business is comparatively small, but for the speculator it comes within the range of armaments shares. So does Boulton Paul Aircraft which is receiving sub-let orders from Hawker's, and is specialising in bombers. The rises which have occurred in aircraft shares this year are shown in the next table. Rolls-Royce lead with a rise of nearly 40 per cent. On the *Daily Telegraph* story that the Government intends to treble the home air force in two years further advances may be seen.

	Low 1935.	Present Price.	Per cent. Earned.	Per cent. Paid.	Yield on Earnings. %	Yield on Dividend %
Rolls-Royce £1 ..	5 5/16	144/-	24.9	20	£3 9 3	£2 15 6
Hawker 5/- ..	24/3	32/3	25	15	£3 17 6	£2 6 6
Boulton Paul 5/-	4/1½	11/-	Issued at 5/- in October, 1934.			
S. Smith & Sons, £1 pfd. ord. ..	63/6	75/-	24.5	14	£6 10 9	£3 14 9

* * *

Gambling in "equities in death" is not an elevating pastime, but the average private investor is not averse to snatching a profit from any market which is enjoying boom conditions. Incidentally, my suggestion last week that shareholders of Imperial Chemical Industries might appease their consciences by paying 1 per cent. of their Imperial Chemical dividends to the League of Nations Union for stopping the wars which Sir Harry McGowan makes possible brings me a letter from a correspondent with a pamphlet urging that a fund for conducting propaganda against war should be raised in each important country and invested in the shares of the big armament companies. The dividend yield of each fund would be proportionate to the actual expenditure of each country on armaments, so that by spending the income thus wickedly gained, the propaganda would be most intense in those countries which showed the greatest preparations for war. The pamphlet was submitted to the League of Nations Union but they were not particularly interested. Perhaps they did not agree with the suggestion it contained that the shares should be sold out as soon as a certain rise had occurred. On the London market the fund would have been sold out long ago.

* * *

The most optimistic market estimates of the Shell Transport dividend were realised. That 12½ per cent., tax free, should be paid by Shell and only 7½ per cent. gross by Royal Dutch can only be explained by some special profit accruing to Shell from exchange differences or investments. As the oil profits of the group are divided, 60 per cent. to Royal Dutch and 40 per cent. to Shell, an exchange profit probably accounts for the Shell extra dividend.

Company Meeting

MARKS AND SPENCER, LIMITED

EXPANSION OF BUSINESS

PROGRAMME OF DEVELOPMENT

MR. SIMON MARKS ON REDUCTION OF RETAIL PRICES AND ECONOMIC WELFARE

THE ninth annual general meeting of Marks and Spencer, Limited, was held on the 16th instant at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., Mr. Simon Marks (chairman and managing director) presiding. In the course of his speech the chairman said:—

The net profit, after providing for director's fees, management remuneration, depreciation and other charges, amounts to £1,086,597, an increase of £110,307 over the preceding year.

We believe that the general conditions of trade as evidenced during recent months give every indication of a satisfactory outlook.

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS.

The net profit of £1,086,597, after deducting £160,206 for Income Tax, leaves a balance of £926,391, which, together with £53,884 brought forward from the previous year, makes a total of £980,275 available for distribution. The Directors recommend the following appropriations:—

Properties Contingency Reserve	£150,000
General Reserve Account	£206,969
Payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares at the rate of 25%, thus making 35% for the year ended 31st March, 1935	£326,128
Debenture Redemption Fund	£10,000
By carrying forward to next year's accounts	£73,469

ISSUE ON BONUS TERMS

The Directors further recommend that £130,451 5s. 0d., part of the General Reserve Account, be capitalised, and that a distribution by way of bonus be made to the holders of the existing Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares of the Company in the proportion of one "A" Ordinary Share for every ten Ordinary and/or "A" Ordinary Shares held.

RESERVES.

The premium received by the Company on the issue of "A" Ordinary Shares made in January of this year, after payment of the expenses of the issue, has been credited in full to the General Reserve Account. This, together with the allocation to that account recommended by your Directors, will have the effect of increasing our General Reserve to £1,500,000, after making provision for the Bonus Shares, the issue of which is also recommended.

CONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME AND FUTURE DEVELOPMENT.

We are operating to-day 202 Stores throughout the country, an increase in number of 22 Stores since April, 1934, apart from extensions carried out in 16 other Stores. Our programme for 1935-36 already embraces 38 new Stores or extensions, and our Estate Department is continuously engaged in examining possible sites throughout the country for further development.

REDUCTION OF RETAIL PRICES AND ECONOMIC WELFARE.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget Speech referred to the generally improved conditions prevailing in the country. How has it been possible, with falling prices, devalued currencies and severe handicaps in international trading for this measure of revival to occur?

Official statistics indicate that the cost of living since 1929 has declined by about 10%. It is estimated that the public spends on consumers goods and services £1,900,000,000 a year. This means that consumers could have bought in 1934 the identical goods and services which they obtained in 1929 and still have had £190,000,000 left over for other requirements.

The direct effect of this increased expenditure is seen in the opening of many new factories throughout the country, particularly in the South and Midlands, in the expansion of existing manufacturing plant, and in the introduction of better equipment and of new machinery. Employment has increased, which in turn has once more expanded purchasing power.

One of the main factors in this recovery is the fall in retail prices. Progressive reduction in costs has largely been passed on to the consumer and has stimulated the demand for manufactured goods. I am satisfied by our own experience that this process can be carried still further by a combined effort of the producer and distributor.

An increase in mass purchasing power follows a lowering of retail prices. Increased consumption would again further the growth of employment, in particular that of retail employment, which has been so impressive a feature during the past year. More goods and equipment would be demanded by the distributor, busier factories would require more plant and raw materials; subsidiary and ancillary occupations would also benefit.

It is to the general interest to see that any benefits in the form of cheap retail prices that can be made available to the public should be quickly brought about. The co-operation of all parties is essential in this task.

OUR POLICY

The arguments I have brought forward for the more intimate co-operation of the producer, manufacturer and distributor as one of the means of increasing the country's prosperity are gathered from our own business experience. Your Directors survey all the stages of production from the basic raw materials to the finished goods, and stimulate manufacturers to adopt such facilities and economies as modern technique makes available. At the same time, they advise them what goods are in demand. As more improvements and economies are achieved it is our practice to transfer the benefits to our customers as soon as possible.

STAFF WELFARE

This year has seen a very marked development in the measures taken by our Welfare Department to organise for our Staff better conditions surrounding their employment and more personal services. Canteens, medical provision, and social and athletic facilities are available and add appreciably to the amenities of their life. The current expenditure this year for Social Welfare was in the neighbourhood of £50,000, apart from a considerable capital expenditure. Our Welfare Department, with its growing personnel, is constantly extending its activities in the interests of the staff.

THANKS TO OFFICERS AND STAFF

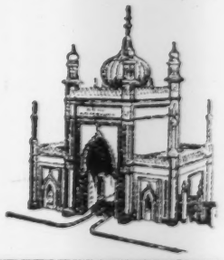
On behalf of the Board I desire to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the manner in which all ranks of the staff have carried out their duties during the past year.

Mr. I. M. Sieff, B.Com. (Vice-Chairman and Assistant Managing Director) seconded the resolution for the adoption of the Report and Accounts, which was carried unanimously. A resolution was also passed authorising an issue of Bonus Shares.

I AM CONVINCED THAT DIGESTION IS THE GREAT SECRET OF LIFE—Sydney Smith.

If good food, well served, and an atmosphere of quiet repose will help the digestion . . . then this Hotel has found the great secret of life . . . for your enjoyment.

BLENHEIM HOTEL BRIGHTON



Opposite Pavilion Gardens. Close to sea and entertainments. The 60 Bedrooms have hot and cold water. The Hotel holds the R.A.C. Appointment, and terms are moderate. Illustrated tariff will gladly be sent on application to—

H. P. PENFOLD, *Resident Director*

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